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THE

UNION GLEE BOOK:

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GLEES, QUARTETTS AND PART SONGS,

SELECTED AND ARRANGED FROM

THE BEST EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN COMPOSERS.

BY B. F. BAKER.

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ELEVENTH EDITION.

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BOSTON:
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Cure.

Leighton Baker
June 7 1905

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INTRODUCTION.

In presenting a new Collection of Glees and Part-Songs to the Musical Public, the Editors feel that a word or two of explanation may be proper. The "Union Glee Book" has been compiled with a view to meet the wants of the Social Circle, as well as the Musical Society or Class; therefore in addition to pieces in the strict *Glee* style, many songs of acknowledged merit have been harmonized and inserted; but, while offering something for Domestic and Family use, the interests and wants of the Singing School and Society have not been disregarded.

The Editors avail themselves of this opportunity to return their sincere thanks for the encouragement hitherto shown them by the lovers of music in New England; and to express a hope that this work also may meet with their approbation.

Boston, August, 1852.

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THE

UNION GLEE BOOK.

"When o'er Lake and forest streaming."

B. F. BAKER.

Words by J. E. A. SMITH, Esq. From the Tyrolien Lyre, by permission.

TENORE. Allegretto.

1. When o'er lake and for - est streaming free and far, Flash'd the light a - round A - pol - lo's joy - ous

ALTO.

SOPRANO.

2. When his na-tive land to suc - cor calls her son, Where shall la - dy's hand be half so no - bly

BASSO.

"When o'er lake and forest streaming."

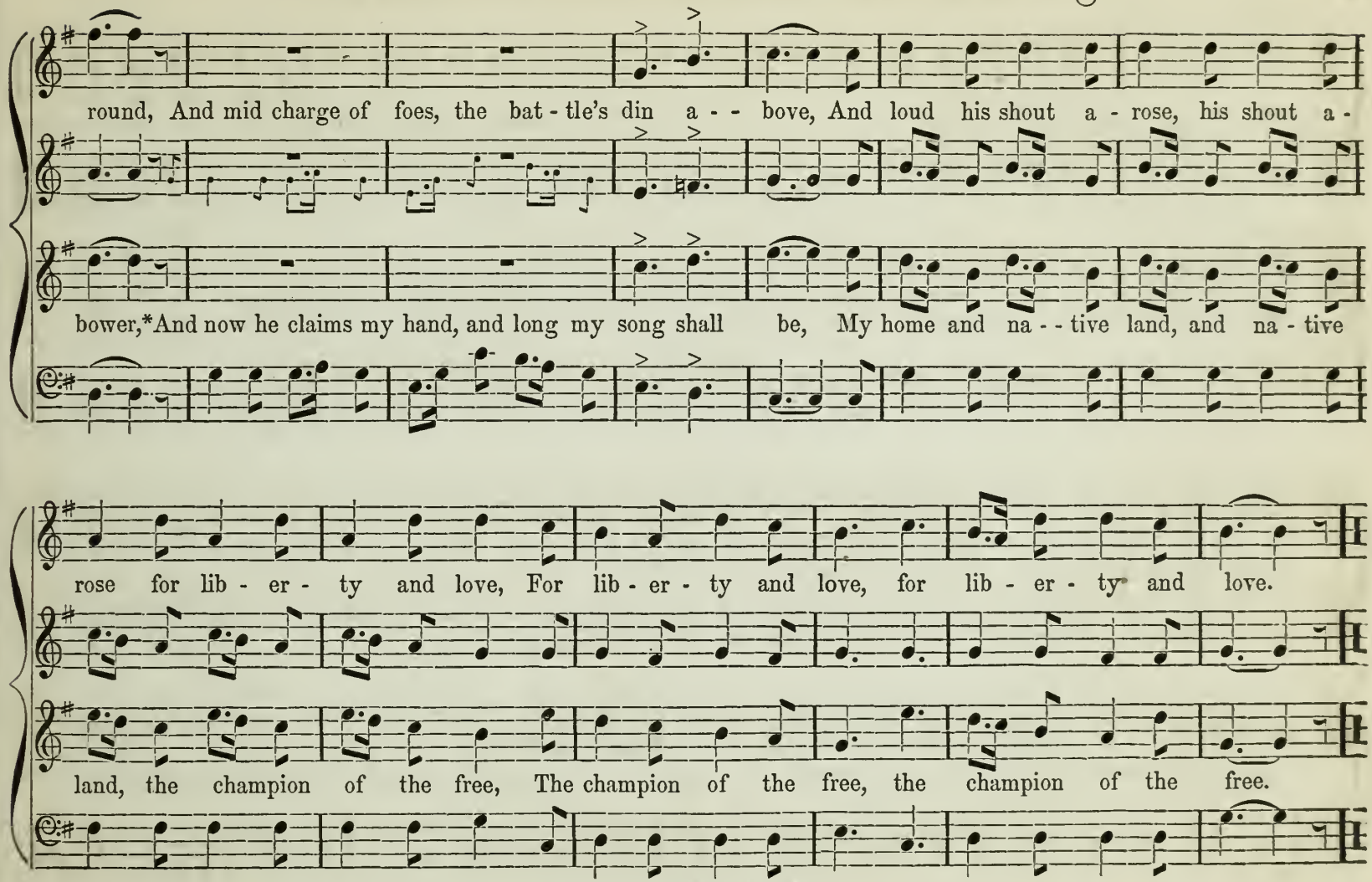
car, Charles, my he-ro sought his coun-try's bat - tle field, Champion vow'd, for her, for her, ev'n life to

won, As where glo-ry gleams o'er free-dom's bat - tle fray, Lighting with her beams, her beams, to hon - or's

yield, High my scarf he wore to his bright hel-met bound, Proud that helm he wore when dan-ger gathered

way, So my knight the field at morning's ro - sy hour, And, ere vesper pealed, tri-umph-ant sought my

"When o'er lake and forest streaming."



* This line to be sung by the Alto alone.

"Merrily, merrily goes the bark."

TENORE. Con Spirito.

Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly goes the bark, Before the gale she bounds, So darts the dolphin from the shark, Or the deer be - fore the hounds.

ALTO.

SOPRANO.

Mer-ri-ly, Mer-ri-ly goes the bark, Before the gale she bounds, So darts the dolphin from the shark, Or the deer be - fore the hounds.

BASSO.

They left Loch Tu - a on their lee, And they waken'd the men of the wild Ti - ree.

m *f* *in tempo.* *rall.*

Sempre Rall.

They left Loch Tu - a on their lee, And they waken'd the men of the wild Ti - ree. And the chief of the san-dy coil, of the san-dy coil.

"Merrily, merrily goes the bark."

Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly goes the bark, Before the gale she bounds, So darts the dolphin from the shark, Or the deer be - fore the hounds.

Mer-ri-ly, Mer-ri-ly goes the bark, Before the gale she bounds, So darts the dolphin from the shark, Or the deer be - fore the hounds.

Sostenuto.

They paused not at Co - lum - bia's Isle, Tho' pealed the bells from the ho - ly pile.

Sostenuto.

Un Poco Cres.

Dim.

They paused not at Co - lum - bia's

Un poco Cres.

"Merrily, merrily goes the bark."

isle, Tho' peal'd the bell from the ho - ly pile. No time for mat - in or for

isle, Tho' peal'd the bells from the ho - ly pile. With long, with long and mea-sur'd toll - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

Dim.

mass, And the sound of the ho-ly summons pass, A-way, A-way, in the bil - - low's roll, in the bil - low's roll..

f *ff*

mass, And the sound of the ho - ly summons pass, A-way, A-way, in the bil - - - low's roll, . . . in the bil - low's roll .

"Merrily, merrily, goes the bark."

Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly goes the bark, Before the gale she bounds, So darts the dolphin from the shark, Or the deer be - fore the hounds.

Mer-ri-ly, Mer-ri-ly goes the bark, Before the gale she bounds, So darts the dolphin from the shark, Or the deer be - fore the hounds.

The deer be-fore the hounds, The deer be-fore the hounds, So darts the dol-phin from the shark, Or the

p

The deer be-fore the hounds,The deer be-fore the hounds, So darts the dol-phin from the shark, Or the

"Merrily, merrily, goes our bark."

deer be - fore the hounds. So darts the dol-phin from the shark, Or the deer be - fore the hounds.

p *f* TEMPO.

deer be - fore the hounds, So darts the dol-phin from the shark, Or the deer be - fore the hounds.

TEMPO. *f*

"Thou art gone from my gaze."

G. LINLEY.

Andantino e Sostenuto.

1. Thou art gone from my gaze, like a beau - ti - ful dream, And I seek thee in vain, by the mea - dow and

2. Of the birds in thy bower, Now com - pan-ions I make, Eve-ry sim-ple wild flow - er, I prize for thy

stream, Oft I breath thy dear name, To the winds float-ing by, But thy sweet voice is mute, To my bo-som's lone

Rall.

sake, The deep woods, and dark wilds, Can a plea-sure im - part, For their sol - i - tude suits My sad, sor-row worn

sigh, In the still-ness of night, When the stars mild - ly shine, My heart fond - ly holds a com-

Rall.

heart, Thou art gone from my gaze, Yet I will not re - pine, Ere long we shall meet In the

"Thou art gone from my gaze."

mun-ion with thine, For I feel thou art near, Where - e'er I may be, That the spir - it of

A Tempo.

home that's now thine, For I feel thou art near, And where-e'er I may be, That the spir-it of

love Keeps a watch o - ver me, That the spir - it of love Keeps a watch o - ver me.

Ad Lib.

love Keeps a watch o - ver me, That the spir - it of love Keeps a watch o - ver me.

"Make me no gaudy Chaplet."

ANDANTE.

Make me no gau-dy chap-let, Weave it of sim-ple flow-ers, Seek them in low-ly

Make me no gau-dy chap-let, Weave it of sim-ple flow-ers, Seek them in low-ly

val-lies, Af-ter the gen-tle show-ers, Bring me the dark red ro-ses,

val-lies, Af-ter the gen-tle show-ers, Bring me the dark red ro-ses,

"Make me no gaudy Chaplet."

Gay in the sunshine glow - ing, Bring me the pale moss rose - bud, Beneath the fresh leaves growing,

Gay in the sunshine glow - ing, Bring me the pale moss rose - bud, Beneath the fresh leaves growing,

Bring not the proud eyed blossom, Darling of Eastern daughters, Bring me the snowy li - ly, Floating on si - lent

Bring not the proud eyed blossom, Darling of Eastern daughters, Bring me the snowy li - ly Floating on si - lent

"Make me no gaudy Chaplet."

wa - ters, Gems of the low - ly val - ley, Buds which the leaves are shading, Lilies of peaceful waters,

wa - ters, Gems of the low - ly val - ley, Buds which the leaves are shading, Lilies of peaceful waters,

Emblems be mine un - fad - ing, Li-lies of peaceful wa - ters, Emblems be mine, be mine.

Emblems be mine un - fad - ing, Li-lies of peaceful wa - ters, Emblems be mine, be mine.

"Gallant and gaily."

Scherzando.

Gallant and gai - ly, On the waves rid - ing, Spirits of o - cean, Come at my call, Gallant and gai - ly,

Gallant and gai - ly, On the waves rid - ing, Spirits of o - cean, Come at my call, Gallant and gai - ly,

Gallant and gai - ly, On the waves rid - ing, Spirits of o - cean, Come at my call, Gallant and gai - ly,

On the waves rid - ing, Spirits of o - cean, Come at my call, Nightly and dai - ly, Thro' the deep glid - ing,

On the waves rid - ing, Spirits of o - cean, Come at my call, Warble a cho - rus, Passing be - fore us,

On the waves rid - ing, Spirits of o - cean, Come at my call, Hollow shells sound - ing, Echoes re - bound - ing,

"Gallant and gaily."

Swift as in motion, ye circle this ball, Gallant and gai - ly, On the waves rid - ing, Spirits of o - cean,

Skimming the green where the moonbeams sleep. Gallant and gai - ly, On the waves rid - ing, Spirits of o - cean,

Slentando. P In Tempo.

Charms in - to pleasure the turbu - lent deep. Gallant and gai - ly, On the waves rid - ing, Spirits of o - cean,

Come at my call, Gallant and gai - ly, On the waves rid - ing, Spirits of o - cean, Come at my call.

Come at my call. Gallant and gai - ly, On the waves rid - ing, Spirits of o - cean, Come at my call.

F

Come at my call. Gallant and gai - ly, On the waves rid - ing, Spirits of o - cean, Come at my call.

"There's a charm in Spring."

B. F. BAKER.

MODERATO.

1. There's a charm in spring, when eve - ry thing, Is burst-ing from the ground, When plea-sant show'rs bring

2. Old Au-tumn come, with trus - ty gun, In quest of birds we roam, Un - err - ing aim, we

3. A coun-try life with - out its strife, And noi - sy din of town, Is all I need, I

forth the flow'rs, And all is life, is life a - round, In summer's day, the fragrant hay, Most sweet - ly scents the

mark the game, And proud - ly, proudly bear it home, A winter's night has its de - light, A - round old sto - ries

take no heed, Of splendor, splendor or re - nown, And when I die, Oh let me lie, Where trees a - bove me

Rall. TEMPO.

breeze, And all is still, save murmuring rill, Or sound of hum - ming bees, And all is still, save

go, A win-ter's day, we're blithe and gay, De - fy - ing ice and snow, A win-ter's day we're

wave, Let wild plants bloom, a - round my tomb, My qui - et coun - try grave, Let wild plants bloom, a -

Un Poco Lento.

murmuring rill, Or sound, Or sound of humming bees, Or sound of humming bees. . . . .

blithe and gay, De - fy - ing ice and snow, De - fy - ing ice and snow. . . . . .

round my tomb, My qui - et, qui-et country grave, My qui - et coun - try grave. . . . .

"I'll pray for thee."

DONIZETTI.

F MODERATO.

1. Say not this heart can al - ter, Think not though now we se - - ver, I can for -

2. Here tho' the hope for - sake me, Which that poor heart so trea - sured, soon will its

get thee nev - er, What e'er our dark - 'ning fate may be, While life's last ac - cents fal -

p *f*

hours be mea - sur'd, And pitying heav'n my sor - rows see, Soon to its ref - uge take

"I'll pray for thee."

ter, Yet will I pray for thee, I'll pray for, for thee, I'll bless and

I'll pray for thee, I'll pray for thee,

me, And thee I'll pray.. for thee, I'll pray for, for thee, I'll e - ver

pray, I'll pray for thee, I'll pray for, for thee, I'll pray, I'll bless and pray for thee.

Cres.

I'll pray for thee, I'll pray for thee.

pray, I'll pray for thee, I'll pray for, for thee, I'll e - ver, e - ver pray for thee.

Cres.

"O! take me home to Italy."

S. SAWTELL.

MODERATO.

1. O take me home to It - a - ly, To its bright and sun-ny shore, O take me to my happy home, And I ne'er will leave it

2. Thou art dear, most love-ly Venice, And the pride of land and sea, And my heart is sad and lone - ly, When I wander far from

3. For there sweet mu-sic greets my ear, Chasing sadness far a - way, In my gon - do - lett I love to float, And sweetly chant my

more, I've wandered far from scenes, And pleasures known before, O! take me home to It - a - ly, And I ne'er will leave it more.

Ad Lib.

thee, I cannot stay from thy sweet scenes, For I love thy tranquil shore, O! take me home to It - a - ly, And I ne'er will leave it more.

lay, There all is peace and joy-ous-ness, As plies the glist'ning oar, O! take me home to It - a - ly, And I ne'er will leave it more.

"Welcome to May."

Words by EPES SARGENT.

MODERATO.

1. Welcome May, the rob - ins sing, On the bough or on the wing, Welcome, welcome May! And the vio - let from its cup

2. Now, the fragrant earth re - viving, With a birth of bloom is striving, All to welcome May! Eve-ry day the leaves are greener,

Solo. *f* Solo.

3. Heart! fail not to join the choir, Breathings of the Spring inspire To sa-lute the May! With thy vo-cal grat - i - tude

Inst. Coro. Inst.

Sends its grateful in - cense up To the golden day, To the welcome May! To the golden day . . . . . To the welcome May!

Eve - ry day the skies se-re-ner, And the breezes say, Welcome, welcome May! And the breezes say . . . . . Welcome, welcome May!

Swell that bur-then from the wood, That ex - ult - ing lay, Welcome, welcome May! That ex - ult - ing lay, ... Welcome, welcome May!

Coro.

"Soft and low."

SPOHR.

ANDANTINO.

1. Soft and low, I breathe my pas - sion, Will she wake and bless my sight, Ah! if dreams her form might
2. Dost thou smile my love dis - dain - ing, While in chil - ling mid-night's spite, Here I wait of thee com -

p

3. Far from love, o'er plain and riv - er, Late I rushed in head-long flight, Oh! he fol-low'd ev - er,
4. Leave me not in darkness pin - ing, From thy cur - tain win-dows height, Let one look of pi - ty

fash - ion, How un - wel - come were the light, Fair - est speak, and say good night, And say good night.
plain-ing, To the stars so cold and bright, Oh! re - lent, and say good night, And say good night.

ev - er, Vain is speed a - gainst his might, Here I yield, O! one good night, O! one good night
shin-ing, Warm my heart to new de - light, Let me hear One sweet good night, One sweet good night.

"When thro' the torn sail."

UN POCO ADAGIO. 60

1. When thro the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming, When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming, Nor

2. O Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the bil-low, Aroused by the shriek of des-pair from thy pil-low, Now

3. And O, when the whirlwind of passion is raging, When sin in our hearts in sad warfare is wa-ging, Then

Lento.

hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to cherish, We fly to our Maker, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

seat-ed in glo - ry, the mar - i - ner cherish, Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

send down thy grace, thy re-deemed to cherish, Re-buke the des-troy-er, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

"Health to my dear."

SPOFFORTH.

1st TENORE. *f* • Lively.

Health to my dear, and long un - bro - ken years, And long un - bro - ken years' By

2d TENORE. *f* *p* *f*

Health to my dear, and long un - bro - ken years, And long un - bro - ken years, By

1st BASS. *f* *p* *f*

Health to my dear, and long un - bro - ken years, And long un - bro - ken years, By

2d BASS. *f* *p* Cres.

Health to my dear, and long un - bro - ken years, And long un - bro - ken years . . . . .

Dim. *f*

storms un - ruf - fled and un - stained by tears, By storms un - ruf - fled and un -

Dim. *f*

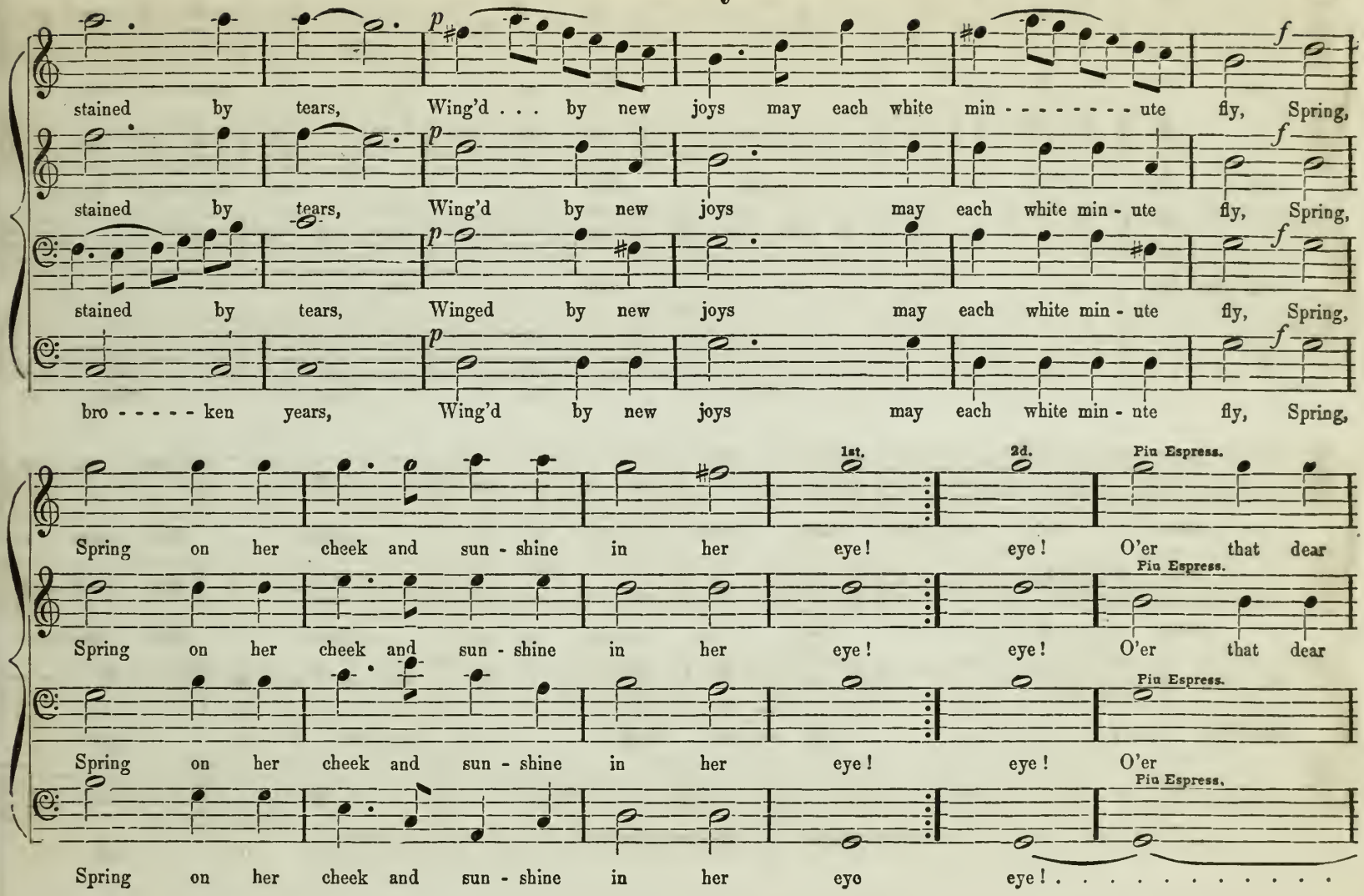
storms un - ruf - fled and un - stained by tears, By storms un - ruf - fled and un -

Dim. *f*

storms un - ruf - fled, By storms . . . . un - ruf - fled and un - stained by tears, and un -

Dim.

. . . . . Health to my dear . . . . and long un -


stained by tears, Wing'd . . . by new joys may each white min - - - - - - - - ute fly, Spring,
stained by tears, Wing'd by new joys may each white min - ute fly, Spring,
stained by tears, Winged by new joys may each white min - ute fly, Spring,
bro - - - - - ken years, Wing'd by new joys may each white min - ute fly, Spring,
1st.
2d.
Piu Espress.
Spring on her cheek and sun - shine in her eye! eye! O'er that dear
Spring on her cheek and sun - shine in her eye! eye! O'er that dear
Spring on her cheek and sun - shine in her eye! eye! O'er
Spring on her cheek and sun - shine in her eye eye! . . . . . .

"Health to my dear."

breast where love and pit - y spring, May peace e - ter - nal spread her down - y

heart where love and pit - y spring, May peace e - ter - nal spread her down - y

O'er that dear breast where love and pit - y spring, May peace e - ter - - - nal

o'er that dear breast where

Cres. *f* *p*

wing, O'er that dear breast where love and pit - y spring, May peace e -

Cres. *f* *p*

wing, O'er that dear breast where love and pit - y dwell May peace e -

Cres. *f* *p*

spread her down - y wing, O'er that dear breast where love and pit - y spring,

Cres. *p*

love ..... and

pp Cres. f

ter - nal spread her down-y wing. May peace e - ter - nal spread her down-y wing.

pp Cres. f

ter - nal spread her down-y wing. May peace e - ter - nal spread her down-y wing.

pp Cres. f

May peace e - ter - - - - - - nal spread her down-y wing, her down - y wing.

pp Cres. f

pi - - - - - - ty spring. May peace e - ter - - - nal spread her down-y wing.

Slowly e Dolce. Cres. Dim.

Sweet beam-ing Hope her path il - -lu - mine still, And fair . . . . i - - - deas, all her fan - cy fill

Cres. Dim.

Sweet beam-ing Hope her path il - lu - mine still! And fair . . . . i - - - - deas all her fan - cy fill.

Cres. Dim.

Sweet beaming Hope her path il - lu - mine still! And fair i - deas all her fan - cy fill.

Dim.

Sweet beam-ing Hope her path il - lu - mine still! And fair i - deas all her fan - cy fill.

"The Chapel."

C. KREUTZER.

1st TENOR.

1. What friend-ly light shines from yon - - - der hill, While the stars on high the heaven's vault fill? What friend - ly light shines from yon-der hill, While the stars on high the heaven's vault fill? It gleams from the house of

2d TENOR.

2. What heav'n-ly strains from the Chap-el resound, In - - spir - ing joy to the hearts thith - er bound? What heav'n - ly strains are those we hear, In - - - spir - - ing joy to the hearts thith-er bound, It is the brotherhood

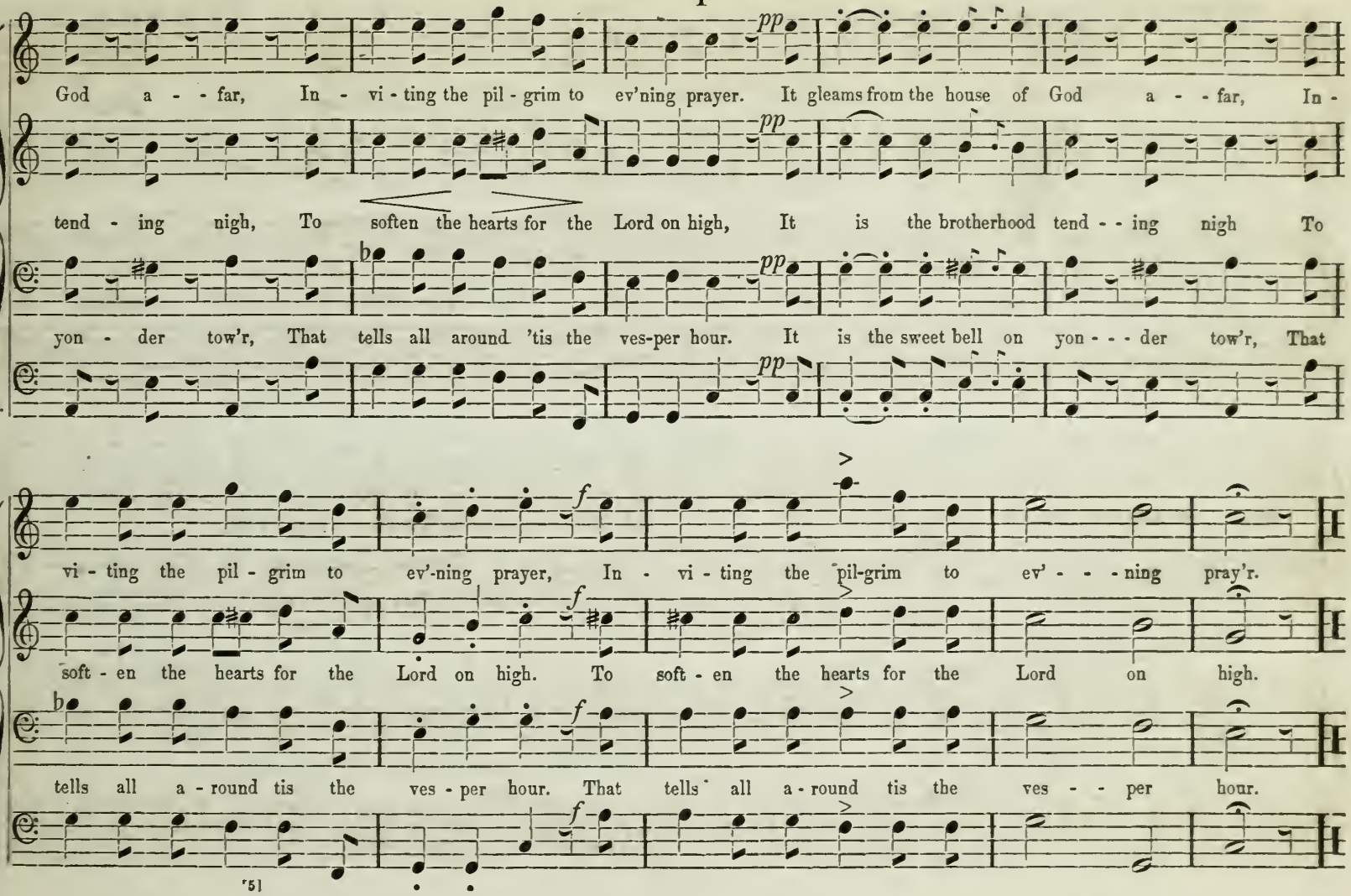
1st BASS.

3. What sil - v'ry sounds are those we hear, With e - choes bound-ing far and near? What sil - v'ry sounds are those we hear, With e - choes bound-ing far and near? It is the sweet bell on

2d BASS.

DIM.

sil - v'ry sounds are those we hear, ...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God a - - far, In - vi - ting the pil - grim to ev'ning prayer. It gleams from the house of God a - - far, In -
tend - ing nigh, To soften the hearts for the Lord on high, It is the brotherhood tend - - ing nigh To
yon - der tow'r, That tells all around 'tis the ves-per hour. It is the sweet bell on yon - - - der tow'r, That
f
vi - ting the pil - grim to ev'-ning prayer, In - vi - ting the pil-grim to ev' - - - ning pray'r.
soft - en the hearts for the Lord on high. To soft - en the hearts for the Lord on high.
tells all a - round tis the ves - per hour. That tells all a - round tis the ves - - per hour.

"On to the field of glory."

DONIZETTI.

ALLEGRO MODERATO.

On to the field of glo - ry, Bravely the bat-tle wa - - - ging, There, where the fates are ra - ging, A -

On to the field of glo - ry, Bravely the bat-tle wa - - - ging, There, where the fates are ra - ging, A -

like the strife we'll dare . . . A triumph dear to Bardic sto - - ry,

Alike the strife we'll dare . . . .

like, Alike the strife we'll dare . . . A triumph dear to Bardic sto - - ry,

With thee I'll die, or with thee share, War, with his falchion go - ry, Fame with her wreaths vic-to - - rious,

Rall. Lento. TEMPO.

With thee I'll die, or with thee share, War, with his falchion go - ry, Fame, with her wreaths vic-to - - - rious,

Marshal the path be - fore us, Their mu - sic fills the air, Ah! a triumph dear to Bardic sto-ry With thee I'll

Marshal the path be - fore us, Their mu - sic fills the air, Ah! a triumph dear to Bardic sto-ry, With thee I'll

"On to the field of glory."

die, or with thee share, Ah! a triumph, dear to Bardic sto - - - ry, With thee I'll gladly die or share, Ah!

die, or with thee share, Ah! a triumph, dear to Bardic sto - - - ry, With thee I'll gladly die or share, Ah!

p

On to the field of glo - ry, Bravely the bat-tle wa - - - ging, There, where the fates are ra - ging, A -

On to the field of glo - - ry, Bravely the bat-tle wa - - - ging, There, where the fates are ra - ging, A -

"On to the field of glory."

like the strife we'll dare . . . A triumph dear to Bardic sto - - ry,

Alike the strife we'll dare . . . .

like, Alike the strife we'll dare . . . A triumph dear to Bardic sto - - ry,

With thee I'll die or share, Ah ! a triumph dear to Bar-dic sto-ry, With thee I'll die or with thee share, Ah ! a triumph

With thee I'll die or share, Ah ! a triumph dear to Bardic sto-ry, With thee I'll die or with thee share, Ah! a triumph

"On to the field of glory."

dear to Bardic sto - - - - ry, With thee . . . . I'll glad-ly die or share, With thee I'll die or with thee share, with thee I'll

dear to Bardic sto - - - - ry, With thee . . . I'll glad-ly die or share, With thee I'll die or with thee share, with thee I'll

die or with thee share, Tri - - umph or sto - - ry, With thee I'll die or with thee share, or with thee share.

die or with thee share, Tri - - umph or sto - - ry, With thee I'll die or with thee share, or with thee share.

"Lorey Ley," a German Legend.

Poetry by HEINE. Melody by SILCHER.

ANDANTE.

1. I know not whence it ri - ses, This thought so full of woe, But a tale of times de - part - ed, Haunts me, and will not

2. And yon-der sits a maid-en, The fair-est of the fair, With gold is her garment glitt-'ring, and she combs her golden

p Cres. Cres.

3. The boatman feels his bo - som, With a nameless long-ing move : He sees not the gulfs be - fore him, His gaze is fixed a -

go, The air is cool, and it dark - ens, And calmly flows the Rhine ; . . . . The mouutain peaks are spark-ling In the sunny evening shine.

hair, With a gold - en comb she combs it, And a wild song singeth she : . . . . . That melts the heart with a wondrous And powerful melo - dy.

Cres. *f*

bove, Till o - ver boat and boat - - man, The Rhine's deep waters run ; . . . . And this, with her magic sing-ing, Fair Lorey Ley has done.

"Merrily goes the mill."

MODERATO.

1. Mer - ri - ly rolls the millstream on, Mer - ri - ly goes the mill, And mer-ry to-night shall be my song, As

2. Well may the Miller's heart re - joice, Well may his song be gay, For the rich man's smile, And the poor man's pray'r, Have

ev - er the gay lark's trill, While the stream shall flow, And the mill shall go, And my garners are bravely stor'd, Come

been his for many a day, And they bless the name of the mil - ler's dame, In cots where the low - ly mourn, For

"Merrily goes the mill."

all who will, There's a wel - come still, At the jo - vial mil - ler's board, Mer - ri - ly goes the mill - stream on,

Ritard. In Tempo. Cres.

want and woe, At her com - ing go, And joy and peace re - - turn . . Mer - ri - ly rolls the mill - stream on,

Mer - ri - ly goes the mill . . And mer - ry to - night shall be our song, As e - ver the gay lark's trill.

Mer - ri - ly goes the mill, And mer - ry to - night shall be our song, As e - ver the gay lark's trill.

"Hope told a flattering tale.

ANDANTINO.

Hope told a flatt'ring tale, That joy would soon re - turn, Ah, nought my sighs a - - vail, for love is doom'd to mourn, Hope

Hope

Hope told a flatt'ring tale, That joy would soon re - turn, Ah, nought my sighs a - - vail, for love is doom'd to mourn, Hope

f

told a flatt'ring tale, that joy would soon re - turn, Ah, nought my sighs a - - - vail, for love is doom'd to mourn, Ah! where's the

told a flatt'ring tale, that joy would soon re - turn, Ah, nought my sighs a - - - vail, for love is doom'd to mourn, Ah, where's the flatt'rer

told a flatt'ring tale, that joy would soon re - turn, Ah, nought my sighs a - - - vail, for love is doom'd to mourn, Ah, where's the

flatt-'rer gone, from me for e - ver flown, from me for e - ver flown, for love is doom'd to mourn, Ah, nought my sight a - vail, for

gone, from me for e - ver flown, from me for e - ver flown.

flatt'rer gone, from me for e - ver flown from me, e - ver flown, for love is doom'd to mourn, Ah, naught a - - vail, for

FINE.

love is doom'd to mourn, for love is doom'd to mourn, Ah, nought my sighs a - - - vail . . . . love is doom'd to mourn,

love is doom'd to mourn, for love is doom'd to mourn, Ah, nought my sighs a - - - vail . . . for love is doom'd to mourn,

love is doom'd to mourn, mourn, mourn, Ah, nought my sighs a - - - vail love is doom'd to mourn.

"Hope told a flattering tale."

The hap-py dream of love is o'er, life a - las can charm, can charm no more, The

The hap-py dream is o'er, The hap-py dream is o'er, life a - las can charm, can charm no more, The

The hap-py dream of love is o'er, And life a - las can charm can charm no more, The

hap - py dream of love, the hap-py dream is o'er, life a - las, a - las . . . can charm no more.

hap-py dream of love, the hap-py dream is o'er, life a - las, a - - las . . . . can charm no more.

hap-py dream of love, the hap-py dream is o'er, life a - las, a - las can charm no more.

Baronial Times.

NEWTON FITZ.

SPIRITOSO.

1. In the old Ba - ro - nial times, When feu - dal lords bore sway, There were high and low, and friend and foe, As there
2. And these barons kept high state, In their an - cient cas-tle halls, And a warder stout watch'd well with - out, Lest

3. And when-e'er these bar-ons bold, Would add to their lands a rood, They grappl'd the band with a red, right hand, And

4. And these bar-ons bold waxed great, Till the fee - - ble feared their might, They lived like kings, and the bard still sings, Of their

are in this our day. There were shrines and fanes, and swords and chains, As there are in this our day.
foes should scale the walls. And down far deep in the don - jon keep, Were chain d the bar - - on's thralls.

seized what - e'er they would, And none say nay, for the strong bore sway, And the e - vil ruled the good.

deeds in feast and fight, But to burn and steal, and to sack and kill, Can ne'er man say be right.

"Soldier's Farewell."

KUCKEN.

CON ANIMA.

1. Be - - fore the morn - ing sun is beam - - - - - - ing, And sol - diers of their con - quests are
2. And while the call to arms is peal - - - - - - ing, Each sol - dier to his true love is

3. While un - dis - turb'd all oth - ers are sleep - - - - - - ing, Her bright eyes thro' the case - ment are

4. Fare - well dear maid, and cease thy weep - - - - - - ing, We all, all are here in heaven's

dream - - - ing, The drum re-sounds to arms, to arms, Did - e - rum dum dum, did - e - rum dum dum, did - e -
steal - - - ing, Per - haps to bid the last fare - well.

peep - - - - ing, The drum a - rous'd a - larm and fear, Dear - - est

keep - - - - ing, The sol - dier's bride will true re - - main, Did - e - rum dum dum, did - e - rum dum dum, did - e -

did - e - rum dum dum, did - e - rum dum dum, did - e-rum dum dum, did - e - rum dum dum, did - e - rum dum dum, did - e - rum did - e -

maid now fare . . . . thee well . . . . . Dear - - est maid now fare . . . thee

did - e - rum dum dum, did - e - rum dum dum, did - e - rum dum dum, did - e-rum dum dum, did - e - rum dum dum, did - e - rum did - e -

rum.

well. Dearest maid now fare thee well, now fare thee well, Dearest maid now fare thee well, now fare thee well, farewell, fare - well.

f *fz* *p* Ritard. Tempo. Ritard. *f* *p*

fz

rum.

"Barcarole."

Poetry by MRS. CRAWFORD. Music by L. H. SOUTHARD.

CON MOTO TRANQUILLO.

1. Oh steal to thy lat-tice, the moonlight so ten-der, Accords with the sadness that shadows my breast, The sea seems to sleep in the light of its splendor, And all the gay ci - ty is sink -ing to rest.

Dim.

2. Oh haste to thy lat-tice, the stars are re - treat-ing, The convent's deep bell sad-ly sounds on my ear, It warns me how swiftly the moments are fly-ing, Those moments, the last I may pass with thee here.

FINE.

The night dews re - pose on the white li-ly's chalice, that bends as I've seen thee in beauty to

When lone - ly and sad, thou no longer art near me, And far from my coun-try I pen - sive - ly

When lone - ly and sad .... thou no lon - ger art near me,

weep, My gon - do - la waits at the steps of the pal-ace, And all the proud inmates are bur-ied in sleep, Then

stray, Sweet daughter of Ven-ice, thine im - age shall cheer me, And bring back the joys that have long passed a - way, Then

"The Better Land."

1st TENORE. Espressivo.

1. I hear thee speak of the bet - - ter land; Thou call'st its child-ren a hap - py band; Moth - er! O,

2. Is it where the feath - 'ry palm trees rise, And the date grows ripe un - der sun - - ny skies? Or 'midst the green

2d TENORE.

3. Is it far a - way, in some re - gion old, Where the riv - ers wan - der o'er sands of gold, Where the burn-ing

1st BASS.

4. Eye hath not seen it, my gen - tle boy, Ear hath not heard its deep sounds of joy; Dreams can-not

2d BASS.

where is that ra - diant shore? Shall we not seek it and weep no more? Is it where the flow'r of the

is - - lands of glit - tering seas? Where fra - - - grant for - - ests per - fume the breeze, And strange, bright birds, on their

rays of the ru - - by shine, And the dia - mond lights up the se - cret mine, And the pearl gleams forth from the

pic - - ture a world so fair; Sorrow and death may not en - ter there; Time doth not breathe on its

"The Better Land."

or - ange blows, And the fire - flies dance thro' the myr - - tle boughs?" "Not there, not there. my child!"
star - - ry wings, Bear the rich hues of all glo - - rious things?" "Not there, not there. my child!"

co - - ral strand? Is it there, sweet moth - er! that bet - - ter land?" "Not there, not there. . my child!"

fade - less bloom: Be - - yond the clouds and be - yond the tomb, It is there, It is there, my child!"

"Far over hill and dale." Round for 4 voices.

CON SPIRITO LEGGIERO.

1 Come let us go a May - ing, While gen - tle breezes play-ing, Shall bear our mer-ry song, Far o-ver hill and dale. 2

2 Come, come, come, come, come, come, Come, let us go, let us go, let us go. 3

3 Far o'er hill and dale, Shall float our mer - ry song, shall float our mer-ry song. 4

4 While gen-tle breezes playing shall bear our mer-ry song, Far o - - - ver hill and dale. 1

"Katy Darling."

CON ESPRESSIONE.

1. Oh! they tell me thou art dead, Ka-ty Dar-ling, That thy smile I may nev-er more be-hold, Did they tell thee I was false, Ka-ty

2. I'm kneeling by thy grave, Ka-ty Darl-ing! This world is all a blank world to me! Oh, could'st thou hear my wailing, Katy

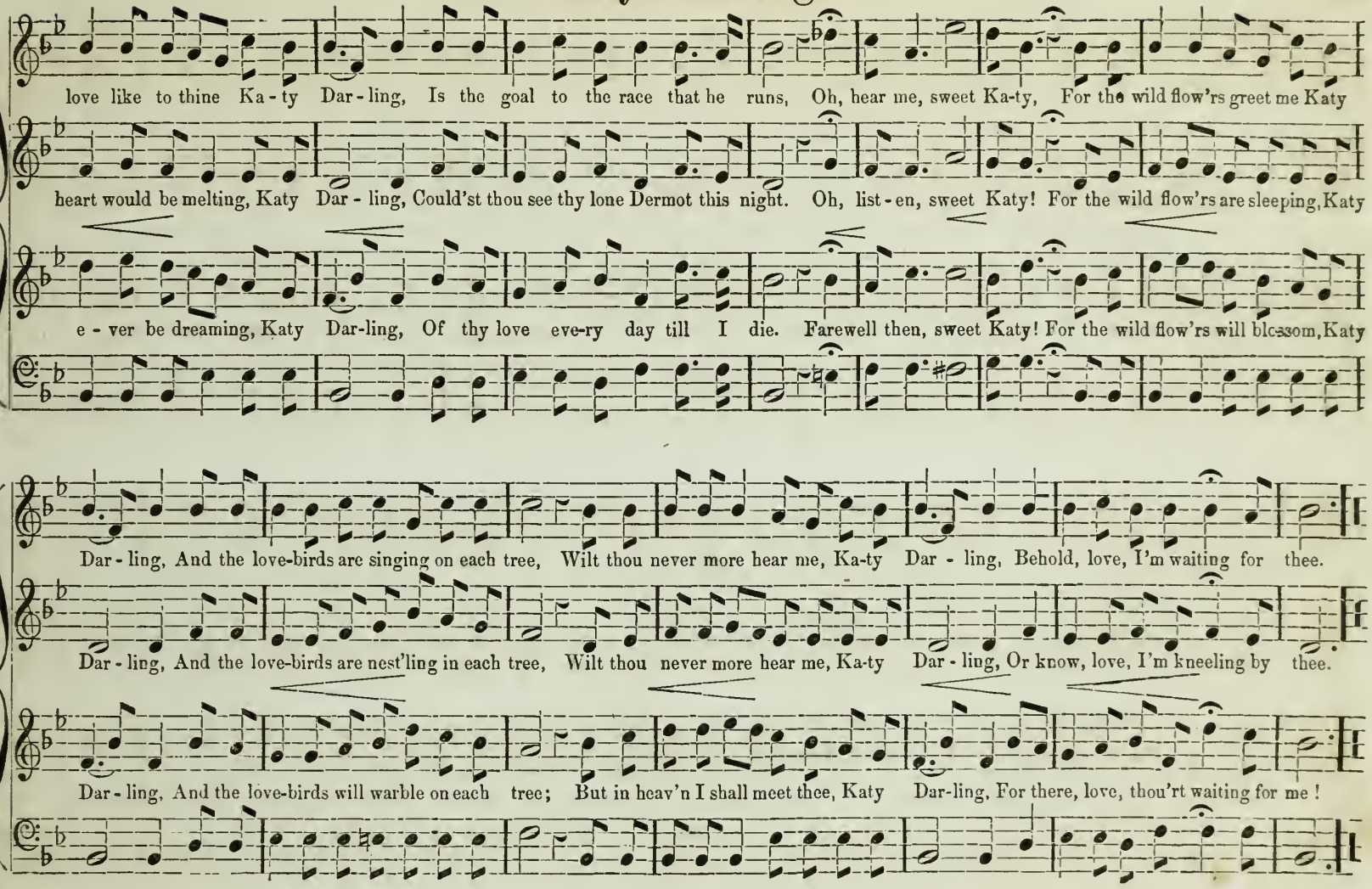
3. 'Tis useless all my weeping, Ka-ty Dar-ling! But I'll pray that thy spirit be my guide; And that when my life be spent, Ka-ty

Dar-ling, Or my love for thee had e'er grown cold, Oh they know not the lov-ing, Of the hearts of E-rin's sons, When a

Dar-ling, Or think love I am sighing for thee, Oh, me-thinks the stars are weeping, By their soft and lambent light, And thy

Dar-ling, They will lay me down to rest by thy side. Oh, a huge great grief I'm bearing, Though I scarce can heave a sigh; And I'll

"Katy Darling."



"Oh, what a world this might be."

Poetry by CHAS. SWAIN.
Music by L. H. SOUTHARD.

ANDANTE.

1. Oh what a world this might be, If hearts were al - ways kind, If Friendship none would

2. Oh what a world of beau-ty, A lov - ing heart might plan, If man but did his

slight thee, And fortune proved less blind, With love's own voice to guide us, Un - chang-ing e'er, and

du - ty, and helped his broth-er man, Then an-gel guests would brighten, The threshold with their

fond, With all we wish be - side us, And not a care be - yond, Oh, what a world this

f Cres.

wings, And love di - vine en - light - en, The old for - got - ten springs, Oh, what a world of

might be, More blest than that of yore, Come learn, and 'twill re-quite ye, to love each oth-er more.

f

beauty, A loving heart might plan, If man but did his du - ty, And lov'd his broth-er man.

Glee. Moonlight Greeting.

Poetry by W. C. RICHARDS.
Music by L. H. SOUTHARD.

ALLEGRETTO CON SPIRITO.

f 1. Spark - ling and bright in sil - ver light, are the stars in blue light gleam - ing, Spark ing, Sparkling and bright

are the stars in blue light gleaming, Spark-ling and bright . . . . .

f 2. Spark - ling and bright in sil - ver light, Are the stars in blue light gleaming, Spark - ling, Sparking and bright

in sil - ver light are the stars, Are the stars in the blue light . . gleam-ing, And the

in sil - ver light are the stars, are the stars in the blue light gleaming, And the

f in sil - ver light are the stars, are the stars in the blue light gleam - - - - - - ing, . . And the

moon's pale ray on her a - zure way, looks soft, soft as an in - - - - fant's dreaming, And the

pp

moon's pale ray on her a - zure way, looks soft, soft as an in - - fant's dreaming, And the

pp *pp*

pp moon's pale ray on her a - zure way, looks soft, soft as an in - - - - - - fant's dream-ing, And the

moon's pale ray on her a - - zure . . . way, looks soft as an in - - fant's dream - ing,

Ritard.

moon's pale ray on her a - - - - - - zure way, looks soft as an in - fant's dream - ing.

Ritard.

looks soft . . . . . on her a - zure way, looks soft as an in - fant's dream - - ing.

Ritard.

moon's pale ray . . . on her a - - - zure way, looks soft as an in - fant's dream - ing.

Glee. Moonlight Greeting.

Then meet to-night in the mel-low light, The moon and the stars are fling - - ing, And light be our feet as the ar-row so fleet, From the

Then part to - night, with hearts as light, The moonbeams a-round us play - - ing, And oft as we meet, each oth-er to greet, May

mf Dim. *p*

Then meet to-night in the mel-low light, The moon and the stars are fling - - ing, And light be our feet as the ar-row so fleet, From the

horn of the hun - ter fly - - ing, And light be our feet, as the ar-row so fleet, From the bow of the hun - ter fly - - - ing.

joy wing the hours un - stay - - ing, And oft as we meet, each oth-er to greet, May joy wing the hours un - stay - - ing.

p

horn of the hun - ter fly - - ing, And light be our feet, as the ar-row so fleet, From the bow of the hun - ter fly - - - ing.

"The black clouds roll."

B. F. BAKER.

VIGOROSO.

1. The black clouds roll a - sun - der! Re - treats the mut - t'ring thun-der! Now, their flee - cy

p

2. So pas - sion's storm was low'ring; But love was o - ver - pow'ring. Now an in - ward

forms be-tween, Pours the moon her silv'ry sheen; And the sweet, chaste stars a - bove, Look down with eyes of love.

Cres. p Cres. Cres.

gush of peace, Bids the rest - less dis - cord cease: Softest light of pure de-sires, Where flash'd red pas - sion's fires.

"Spirit of Light."

1st TENORE. LARGHETTO.

Spir - it of light, cherished so fond - - - ly, E - ver in dreams thou'st fill'd my heart, All hope is gone,

2d TENORE.

p

1st BASS.

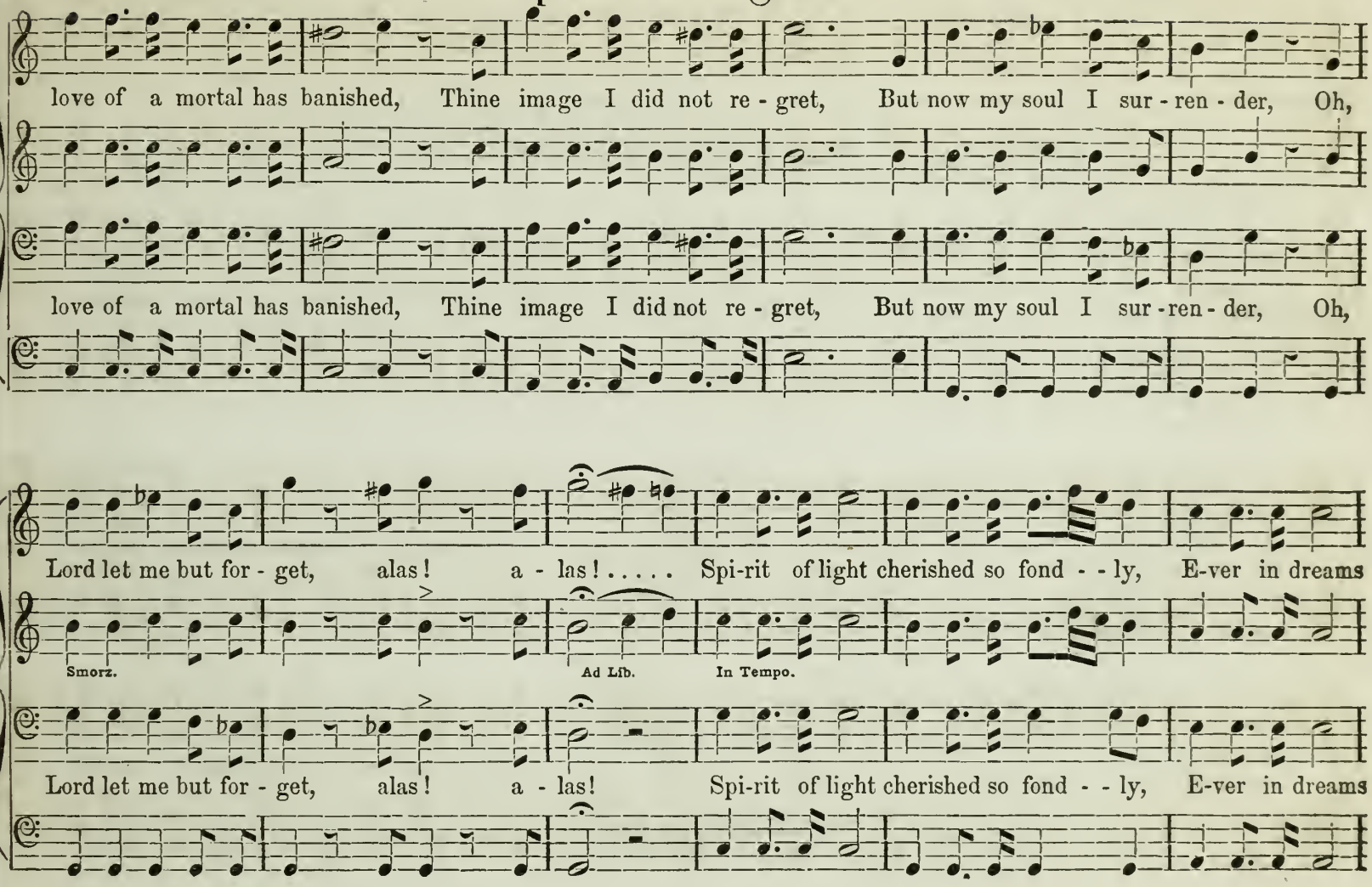
Spir-it of light, cherished so fond - - ly, E - ver in dreams thou'st filled my heart, All hope is gone,

2d BASS.

all faith has left . . . me, Fly then from me, quickly depart, Fly then from me, quick - ly depart, The

Calando.

all faith has left me, Fly then from me, quickly de - part, Fly then from me, quick-ly depart, The


love of a mortal has banished, Thine image I did not re - gret, But now my soul I sur - ren - der, Oh,
love of a mortal has banished, Thine image I did not re - gret, But now my soul I sur - ren - der, Oh,
Lord let me but for - get, alas! a - las! . . . . . Spi-rit of light cherished so fond - - ly, E-ver in dreams
Smorz.
Ad Lib.
In Tempo.
Lord let me but for - get, alas! a - las! Spi-rit of light cherished so fond - - ly, E-ver in dreams

"Spirit of Light."

thou'st filled my heart, All hope is gone, All faith has left . . . me, Fly then from me, quickly de - part, Fly then from me, ah

Rall.

thou'st filled my heart, All hope is gone, All faith has left me, Fly then from me, quickly de - part, Fly then from me, ah

fly, ah fly from me, Fly then from me, ah fly, fly from me, Fly then from me, ah fly from me, from me de - part.

Tempo. Rall. Tempo. Rall.

fly, ah fly from me, Fly then from me, ah fly, fly from me, Fly then from me, ah fly from me, from me de - part.

"The Lord is my Shepherd."

ANDANTE.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green pastures, safe fold - ed I rest; He lead-eth my

2. Thro' the val - ley and sha-dow of death tho' I stray, Since thou art my guardian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de -

3. Let good-ness and mer-cy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still fol - low my steps till I meet thee a - bove; I seek, by the

soul where the still wa - ters flow, Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd, Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.

fend me, thy staff be my stay, No harm can be - fall, with my Comfort - er near, No harm can be - fall, with my Comfort-er near.

path which my fore-fathers trod Thro' the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love, Thro' the land of their so - journ, thy kingdom of love.

Hunting Glee.

1st TENOR. CON VIGORE.

1. To the chase, to the chase, up my comrades, a - way, Deep, deep in yon for-ests the nim-ble stags stray, Deep,

2d TENOR.

1st BASS.

2. Make ready, Make ready, the boar-spear and bow, Our hor-ses and hounds are now wait-ing be-low, Our

2d BASS.

deep in yon for-ests the nim-ble stags stray, Our cour-sers are rea-dy, and 'ere our re - turn, We'll

hor-ses and hounds are now wait-ing be - low, Fair eyes look up - on us, and on our re - turn, We'll

Hunting Glee.

find plenty of sport for the lord of Sa-vern, We'll find plen-ty of sport for the lord of Sa-vern.

drink the full bowl to the lord of Sa-vern, We'll drink the full bowl to the lord of Sa-vern.

Ply the bowl, wind the horn, Hail the breaking of morn, Rouse the stag, bend the bow, As thro' forests we go.

Ply the bowl, wind the horn, Hail the breaking of morn, Rouse the stag, bend the bow, As thro' forests we go.

"Oh! Summer night."

DONIZETTI.

ANDANTE DOLCE.

Oh! sum - mer night so soft - - - ly bright, so soft - ly bright . . . How sweet the bow'r where sleeps, where

Oh! summer night, so soft - ly bright, How sweet the

Oh! sum - mer night so soft - - - ly bright, so soft - ly bright . . . How sweet the bow'r where sleeps, where

sleeps thy cradled flower, where sleeps thy cradled flower, thy cradled flower, The light gale hies to rock her

bow - - - er, Where sleeps thy cra - dled flower . . . . . The light gale hies, To rock her

sleeps thy cradled flower, where sleeps thy cradled flower, thy cradled flower, The light gale hies to rock her

"Oh! Summer night."

bed, to rock her bed, And scat - ter dew a - round her head, Then o'er her fly - - - ing,

bed, And scat-ter dew . . . . . a - round her head, Then o'er her fly - - - ing,

bed to rock her bed, And scat - ter dew a - round her head, Then o'er her fly - - - ing she

whis - - pers sigh - - - ing, Sleep on till morn-ing light, Sleep on till morning light, Sweet

She whis-pers sigh - - ing, Sleep on till morn-ing light . . . . Sweet flow'r good night . . . . . .

whis - - pers sigh - - ing. Sleep on till morn-ing light, Sleep on till morning light, Sweet

"Oh! Summer night."

flow'r, sweet flow'r, good night, good night, Sweet flow'r good night, sweet flow'r, sweet flow'r good night, sweet

pp

Sweet flow'r good night, Sweet flow'r good night

flow'r, sweet flow'r, good night, good night, Sweet flow'r good night, sweet flow'r, sweet flow'r good night, sweet

flow'r, sweet flow'r good night, good night, good night, No spoil-ers shall come near thee,

Sweet flow'r good night . . . . . good night, good night, No spoil-ers shall come near thee,

flow'r, sweet flow'r good night, good night, good night, No spoil-ers shall come near thee,

Lul - - la - - - - by, No blight shall dare to sere thee, Lul - - - la - - - by . . . . .

Lul - la - - - - by, . . . No blight shall dare to sere thee, ... Lul - la - - - by, ...

Lul - - - la - - - - - - - by, . . . No blight shall dare to sere thee, Lul - - - - la - - - - - - by . . . .

No storm - y winds shall harm thee, Sweet flow'r good night, sweet flow'r good night, good night, good night.

pp *p*

No storm-y winds shall harm thee, Sweet flow'r, good night, good night . . . . . .

Piu Mosso.

No storm-y winds shall harm thee, Sweet flow'r good night, sweet flow'r good night, good night, good night.

"Forget not the Dead."

MUSIC BY L. H. S

ANDANTE.

1. For - get not the dead, who have lov'd, who have left us, Who bend o'er us now from that bright home a - bove; But be -

p

2. Dear friends of our youth, can we cease to re - mem-ber The last look of life, and the low-whispered prayer? Oh

lieve, ne - ver doubt, that the God who be - reft us, Per - mits them to min - gle with friends they still love.

cold be our hearts, as the ice of De - cem-ber, When love's tablets re - cord no re - mem - bran - ces there.

"Forget not the Dead."

Re - peat their fond words, and their no - ble deeds che - rish, Speak plea-sant - ly of those who left us in tears;

Then for-get not the dead, who are e - ver - more nigh us, Still floating sometimes to our dream-haunted bed,

From our lips their dear names o - ther joys should not pe - rish, While time bears our feet thro' the val - ley of years.

In the lone - li - est hour, in the crowd, they are by us, For - get not the dead, Oh, for - get not the dead!

The Fragrant Breath of May.

J. A. GOULD.

CANTABILE.

1. How sweet the fragrant breath of May At drea-ry win - ter's close; And sweet each bud and flow-'ret gay, And dew-drop on the rose. How

2. How sweet the lark's shrill voice to hear, The black-bird and the thrush; And sweet the linnet's note, more near, Up-on the hawthorne bush. How

sweet to hear the night-in - gale, That love - ly rose - bud woo; But sweet - er far the ten - der tale That's told by — I know who.

Rall

Tempo.

sweet it is at eve to rove, And hear the dove's soft coo, But sweet - er far the tale I love, That's told by — I know who.

Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra

p Tra la, . . . tra la, ... tra la, . . . tra la, . . tra la . . . . tra la . . . .

Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la, tra

la la la, tra la. But sweet-er far the ten - der tale That's told by — we know who.

la . . . la la.

la la la, tra la. But sweet-er far the ten - der tale That's told by — we know who.

Glee. "When thou, O Stone."

The Poetry from Ossian's "TENORA."
Composed by L. H. SOUTHARD.

ANDANTINO.

When thou, O stone, shalt mould-er, mould - er down, and lose thee in the moss of

Dim.

When thou, ... O stone, shalt moul - der down, and lose thee in the moss of . . . .
When thou, O stone, shalt mould - er,

pp

years, Then shall the trav'ler come, then shall the trav'ler come, and whistling, pass a - way. *f* Here FINGAL re -

mf

When thou, O stone, shalt moul - der down, and lose thee in the moss of

years, Then shall the trav-'ler come, then shall the trav'ler come, and whistling, pass a - way. Here FINGAL re -

pp *f*

pp

signed his spear, af - ter the last of his bat - tles; Here Fin - gal re - sign'd his spear.

years. Af - ter the last..... of his bat-tles, Here FIN-GAL re-

sign'd his spear, Af - ter the last of his bat-tles, Here FIN-GAL re - sign'd his spear,

pp

Here FIN-GAL re - signed his

Pass a - way, thou emp - ty shade, Pass a - way, pass a -

signed his spear, af - ter the last of his bat-tles, Pass a - way,

Af - - - - - - ter the last of his bat - tles,

spear, af - ter the last of... his bat-tles. Pass a - way, thou emp - ty shade, Pass a -

Glee. "When thou, O Stone."

way, In thy voice is no re - nown, Pass a - way, thou emp - ty shade, pass a - way, thou

pass a - way, thou emp-ty shade, *ff* pass a - way, Cres. *p*

pass a - way, thou emp-ty shade, In thy voice is no re - nown. Pass a - way, thou emp - ty shade, pass a - way, pass a - way, thou

emp-ty shade, pass a - way, thou emp - ty shade, in thy voice is no re - nown.

pass a - way,.... in thy voice is no re-nown, no re-nown, in thy

ff

way, pass a - way,..... thou emp - ty shade, in thy voice is no... re - nown,.. is

emp-ty shade, pass a - way, thou emp - ty shade, in thy voice is no.... re -

in thy voice there is no.... re - nown,.. But FIN-GAL shall be

voice no re - nown,

pp Ritard. *f* ALLEGRO VIVACE.

no.... re - nown, no re - nown,

nown, no re - nown, But FIN-GAL shall be cloth'd with fame, a beam of light to o - - ther

cloth'd with fame, a beam of light to o - - ther times, a beam of light to o - - - ther

But FIN-GAL shall be cloth'd with fame, a beam of light to o - - - ther

But FIN-GAL shall be

times, a beam of light to o - - ther times. But FIN-GAL, he shall be

Glee. "When thou, O Stone."

times. Fin - - - gal shall be cloth'd with fame, a beam of light to o - ther times, But

times, a beam of light to..... o - ther times, But Fin - gal, but

cloth'd with fame, a beam of light to o - ther times, But Fin - gal shall be cloth'd with fame,

cloth'd with fame, a beam of light, of light, Fin - gal shall be

Fin - gal shall be cloth'd with fame, But Fin-gal shall be cloth'd with fame,

cloth'd with fame, a light to o - ther times, But Fin-gal shall be cloth'd with fame,

But Fin-gal shall be cloth'd with fame, a light, a light,

cloth'd with fame, a light to o - - ther times, a light, a light, to

Fin - gal shall be cloth'd with fame, But Fin - gal shall be cloth'd, but

But Fin - gal shall be cloth'd with fame,

Fin - gal shall be cloth'd with fame, But Fin gal shall be cloth'd with fame;

o - - ther days, But Fin - gal shall be cloth'd with fame, But

Fin - gal shall be cloth'd with fame, A light to o - ther times, a light to o - ther times.....

p *ff*

Fin - gal shall be cloth'd with fame, A light to o - ther times, a light to o - ther times.....

"Would I were a Boy again."

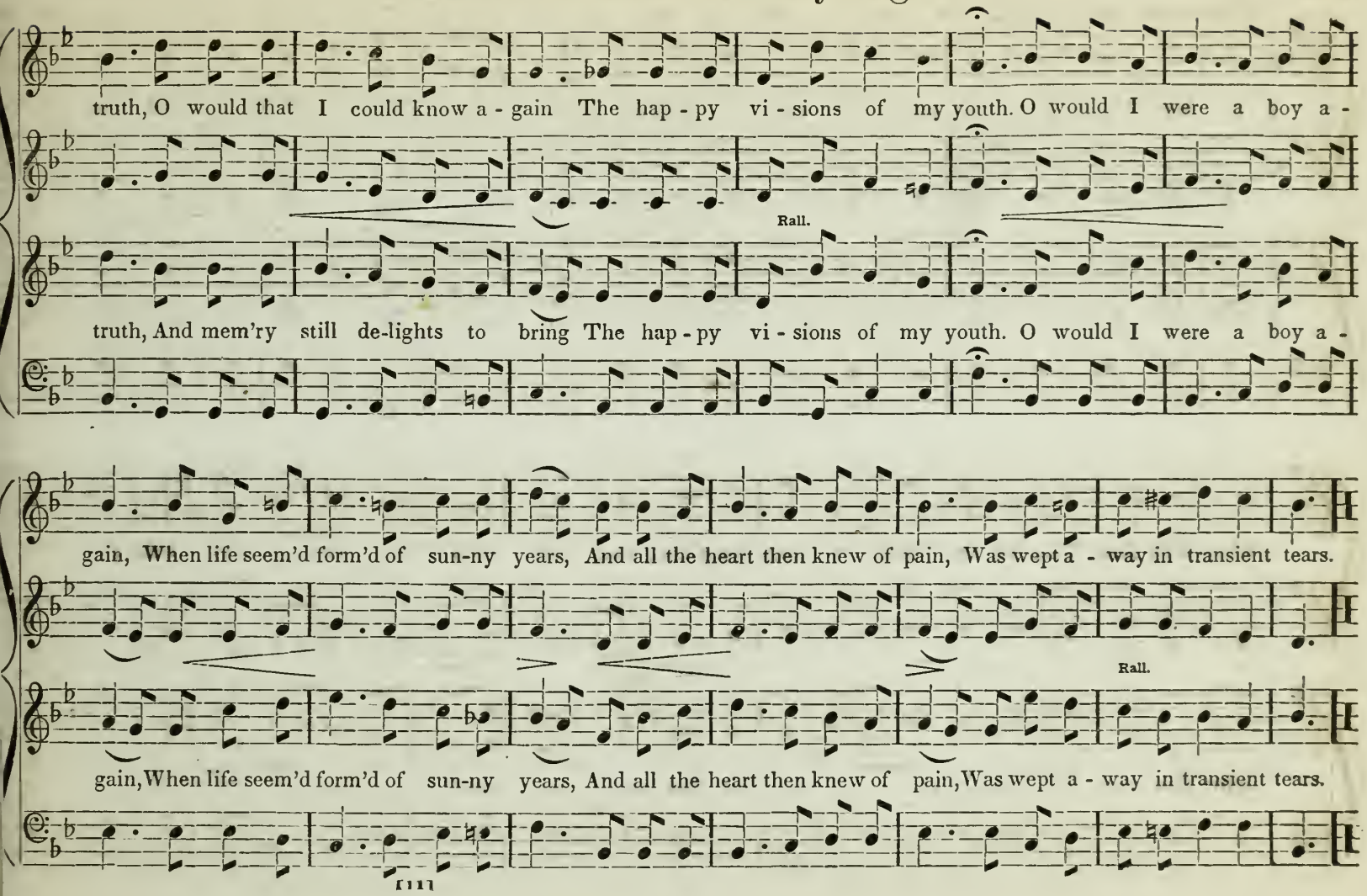
ANDANTE.

1. O would I were a boy a - gain, When life seem'd form'd of sun - ny years, And all the heart then knew of

2. 'Tis vain to mourn that years have shown How false these fai - ry vi - sions were, Or mur - mur that mine eyes have

pain, Was wept a - way in tran-sient tears; When ev - 'ry tale hope whis-per'd then, My fan - cy deem'd was on - ly

known The bur - then of a fleet - ing tear; But still the heart will fond - ly cling To hopes no long - er priz'd as


truth, O would that I could know a - gain The hap - py vi - sions of my youth. O would I were a boy a -
Rall.
truth, And mem'ry still de-lights to bring The hap - py vi - sions of my youth. O would I were a boy a -
gain, When life seem'd form'd of sun-ny years, And all the heart then knew of pain, Was wept a - way in transient tears.
Rall.
gain, When life seem'd form'd of sun-ny years, And all the heart then knew of pain, Was wept a - way in transient tears.

"The Heart bow'd Down."

BALFE.

LARGHETTO CANTABILE.

1. The heart bow'd down by weight of woe, To weak-est hopes will . . cling, To thought and im - pulse

2. The mind will, in its worst de - spair, Still pon - der o'er the . . past, On mo - ments of de -

while they flow, That can no com - fort bring, that can, that can no com - fort bring; To

Rall. Tempo.

light that were Too beau - ti - ful . . . to last, that were too beau-ti - ful, too beau-ti - ful to last; To

those ex - ci - ting scenes will blend, O'er pleasure's path - way thrown; But mem-'ry is the on - ly friend That

long de - part - ed years ex - tend, Its vi - sions with them flown; For mem-'ry is the on - ly friend That

grief can call . . its own, That grief can call its own, That grief can call its own.

Rall. Tempo.

grief can call . . its own, That grief can call its own, . . . That grief can call its own.

Then You'll Remember Me.

BALFE.

ANDANTE CANTABILE.

1. When o - ther lips and o - ther hearts, Their tales of love shall tell, In

2. When cold - ness or de - ceit shall . . slight The beau - ty now they prize, And

lan - guage whose ex - cess im - - parts, The power they feel so well, There may, per - haps, in

deem it but a fa - ded light, Which beams with - in your eyes, When hol - low hearts shall

such a . . . scene, Some re - col - lect - ion be, Of days that have as hap - py been, And

wear . . a . . . mask, 'Twill break your own . . to . see, In such a mo - ment I . . but . . ask That

you'll re - mem - ber, you'll re - mem-ber me, re - mem - - ber . . me.

me . . . . . and you'll re - mem-ber, you'll re - mem - ber . . me.

Slentando.

you'll re - mem - ber, you'll re - mem-ber me, re - mem - - ber me.

"With weary Steps."

{ IN MEMORY OF A FRIEND. }

Poetry by ALFRED TENNYSON.
Composed by L. H. SOUTHARD.

ANDANTE. FOR TENOR SOLO, AND CHORUS.

SOLO. TENOR.

With wea - - - ry steps . . I . loi - - - ter on, . . . Tho' al - - - - ways un - - - - der al - - - - ter'd

TENOR. CHORUS.

Ah . . . . . .

Two TREBLES. *pp*

Ah . . . . . .

BASS.

skies, . . The pur - - ple . . from . the . . dis - - tance flies, . My . pros - - pect . and . . ho - - ri - - - - zon

N. B. The Solo part must be sung by a clear, firm voice, the Chorus accompanying *pp*, singing merely the vowel a, (a, as in *father*.)

gone; No

joy the blowing sea - - son.. gives, The he - rald mel-o-dies of Spring, But in the songs I

pp Ah.....

pp Ah.....

"With weary Steps."

Cres. *f*

love.... to sing, A doubt-ful gleam of so-lace lives. If a-ny care.. for

mf Ritard. *pp* A Tempo.

Ah

pp

what.... is.. here Sur-vive in spi - - rits ren - - - der'd free, Then is the song I sing, Then is the

song I sing of thee, Not all . . . . . un - - grate - ful to thine ear, Not all . . . . un -

grate-ful to thine ear.

Ritard.

Ritard.

"What are the wild waves saying."

GLOVER.

ANDANTE CON ESPRESSIONE.

1. What are the wild waves say-ing, Sis-ter, the whole day long; That e - ver a - mid our play-ing, I hear but their sad, lone

p

2. Yes, but the waves seem e - ver Singing the same sad-thing, And vain is my weak en-dea-vor To guess what the surg-es

song? Not by the sea-side on - ly, There it sounds wild and free; But at night, when 'tis dark and
E - ver by night and day,

Agitato e Cres.

p Dolce.

sing! What is that voice re - peat - ing, There it sounds wild and free; Is it a friend - ly
E - ver by night and day.

lone - ly, In dreams it is still with me; But at night, when 'tis dark and lone - ly, In dreams it is still with me.

greeting, Or a warning that calls a - way; Is it a friend-ly greeting, Or a warning that calls a - way?

PIU ANIMATO.

Brother, I hear no sing - ing, 'Tis but the rolling wave, 'Tis but the rolling wave, E-ver its lone course wing-ing, O - ver some o - cean

Brother, the in-land monn - tain, Hath it not voice and sound, Hath it not voice and sound, Speaks not the dripping fountain, As it be-dews the

"What are the wild waves saying."

cave! 'Tis but the noise of wa - ter, Dash-ing a - gainst . . the shore, And the wind from some bleaker quarter,

f *mf*

ground! E'en by the household in - gle, Cur-tain'd, and clos'd, . . and warm, Do not our voi-ces min - gle, With

Mingling with its roar, And the wind from some bleak-er quar - ter, Min - gling, min - gling with its roar.

Cres. *f*

min - - gling its roar.
of the dis - tant storm?

those of the dis-tant storm, Do not our voi - ces Min - gle with those of the dis - tant storm?

LENTO.

No, No, No! No, it is something great-er, That speaks to the heart a - lone, The voice of the great CRE-

Tempo 1o.

Yes, Yes, Yes! But there is something greater, That speaks to the heart a - lone, The voice of the great CRE-

A - - TOR Dwells in that migh-ty tone! The voice of the great CRE - A - TOR Dwells in that mighty tone!

Cres. *ff* Ritard. Ad lib. *mf*

A - - TOR Dwells in that migh-ty tone! The voice of the great CRE - A - - - TOR Dwells in that migh-ty tone.

The Old House at Home.

LODER.

1. Oh! the old house at home, where my fore - fa - thers dwelt, Where a child at the feet of my

2. 'Twas not for its splen - dor that dwell - ing was dear; 'Twas not that the gay or the

mo - ther I knelt; Where she taught me the prayer, where she read me the page, Which if in - fan - cy

no - ble were near; O'er the porch the wild rose and the wood - bine en - twin'd, And the sweet scent - ed

lisps, is the so - lace of age; My heart, 'mid all chan - ges wher - e - ver I . . .

jas - sa - mine wav'd in the wind; Yet dear - er to me than proud tur - ret or . . .

roam, Never lo - - ses its love . . for the old house at home.

Ritard.

dome, Were the halls of my fa - thers, the old house at home.

Jewels of the Mind.

B. F. BAKER.

ALLEGRETTO.

1. Brightly shine the gems of In - dia, And the yel - low gold is bright; Sparkling is the diamond's lus - tre, And the pearl is pure - ly white:

2. Learning gains what gold can ne - ver; Virtue's pu - rer than the pearl; And man's ge-nius flash-es brighter Than the dia-mond of an earl:

But more precious, bright - er jew - els, Than in dis - tant climes we find, Far more wor-thy of our keep-ing, Are the jew - els of the mind.

For-tune gives to few her fa - vors, But our brows we all may bind, If we la - bor well and tru - ly, With the jew - els of the mind.

"In the quiet, peaceful Vale."

B. F. BAKER.

MODERATO

1. In the qui - et, peace - ful vale, Where the flow'rs their sweets ex - hale, Blithe and gay, Ev - 'ry day, I have joys that need not fail, I have joys that need not, need not fail.

2. There a sil - ver stream - let flows; O'er its peb - bly bed it goes, Hast - 'ning by, mer - ri - ly, While the bush - es round it close, While the bush-es round it, round it close.

3. All is mild and gen - tle here, Free from dan - ger, free from fear; Peace and love from a - bove, Shine up - on us all the year, Shine up - on us all, all the year.

"In the lonely Grove."

Arranged from DONIZETTI.

ANDANTINO.

In the lone-ly grove I lin-ger, With a pilgrim's strong de - votion, Where my heart, when first I found thee, Learn'd a

In the lonely grove I lin-ger, With a pil - grim's strong de-vo-tion, Where my heart, when first I found thee, Learn'd a

new and sweet e - motion, Cherish'd still, tho' griefs sur - round me; Oh what rapture thrill'd our mingling hearts. Ah! in that

new and sweet e - motion, Cherish'd still, . . tho' griefs surround me; Oh what rapture thrill'd our mingling hearts, Ah! in that

hour of hap - py madness, When thy smile a - wakes such glad - - - ness, Soon that hour re -

Cres. *f* Rall.

hour of happy madness, When thy smile awakes such gladness, Soon that hour returns to bless thee, From my gloomy secret
glad - - ness, Soon that hour re -

turns to bless thee, Heav'n can grant no joy, no joy more dear. ALLEGRO MODERATO. While these ties, our hearts u -

clear, When my arms again, my arms a - gain, shall press thee, Heav'n can grant no joy more } dear, While these ties, our hearts u -
turns to bless thee, Heav'n ..... can grant no joy more }

"In the lonely Grove."

ni - ting, Closely, dear - ly, are round us twi - ning, Fate, our sweetest plea-sure blight-ing, Bids us all our love con -

ni - ting, Closely, dear - ly, are round us twi - ning, Fate, our sweet-est plea-sure blighting, Bids us all our love con -

ceal. What more sad than dark re - pi - ning, Thus to sti - fle all we feel. Ah! speed on joy - ous

ceal; What more sad than dark..... re - pi - ning, Thus.... to sti - fle all.... we feel. Ah! speed on joy - ous

ff Dim.

wings thy flight, Bright hour that soon shall lead us, Firm-ly then our vows to plight, And crown our days with

wings thy flight, Bright hour that soon shall lead us, Firm-ly then our vows to plight, And crown our days with

joy. Oh then we'll wan-der side by side, And life seem one long summer day, While sun-ny years shall

joy, Oh then we'll wan-der side by side, And life seem one long summer day, While sun-ny years shall

ff

"In the lonely Grove'

on - ward glide, And love, each hour em-ploy. Ah yes! And love each hour em-ploy, Ah yes! And love, and

and love each hour em -

on - ward glide, And love, each hour em-ploy, Yes! And love each hour em - ploy, Yes! And love, and

each hour em -

love each hour em - ploy, each hour em - ploy, and love . . . each hour . . each hour . . . em - ploy.

ploy, Ritard. Cres. Stringendo. *ff* Ritard.

love each hour em - ploy, each hour em - ploy, and love . . . each hour . . each hour . . . em - ploy.

ploy,

The Village Windmill.

ALBERT SMITH.

MODERATO.

1. List! 'tis the village windmill, Now sailing gaily round, As borne on sum-mer breeze, I love its cheering sound; Night and

2. How happy then the mil-ler, When dai-ly toil is o'er, His youngsters sport to - geth - er Round the cottage door, And then

day on it goes, While the soft ze - phyr blows, Night and day on it goes, While the soft ze - phyr blows.

Rall.

blows

free

he joins their glee, With a heart light and free, And then he joins their glee, With a heart light and free.

The Village Windmill.

Hark! 'tis the village windmill, Borne soft-ly on the wind, With-in the miller's cottage, Sweet content we find; Now list, a -

A Tempo.

While to the vil-lage windmill, Now sail - ing gai-ly round, As borne on summer breeze, I love its cheering sound; Now list, a -

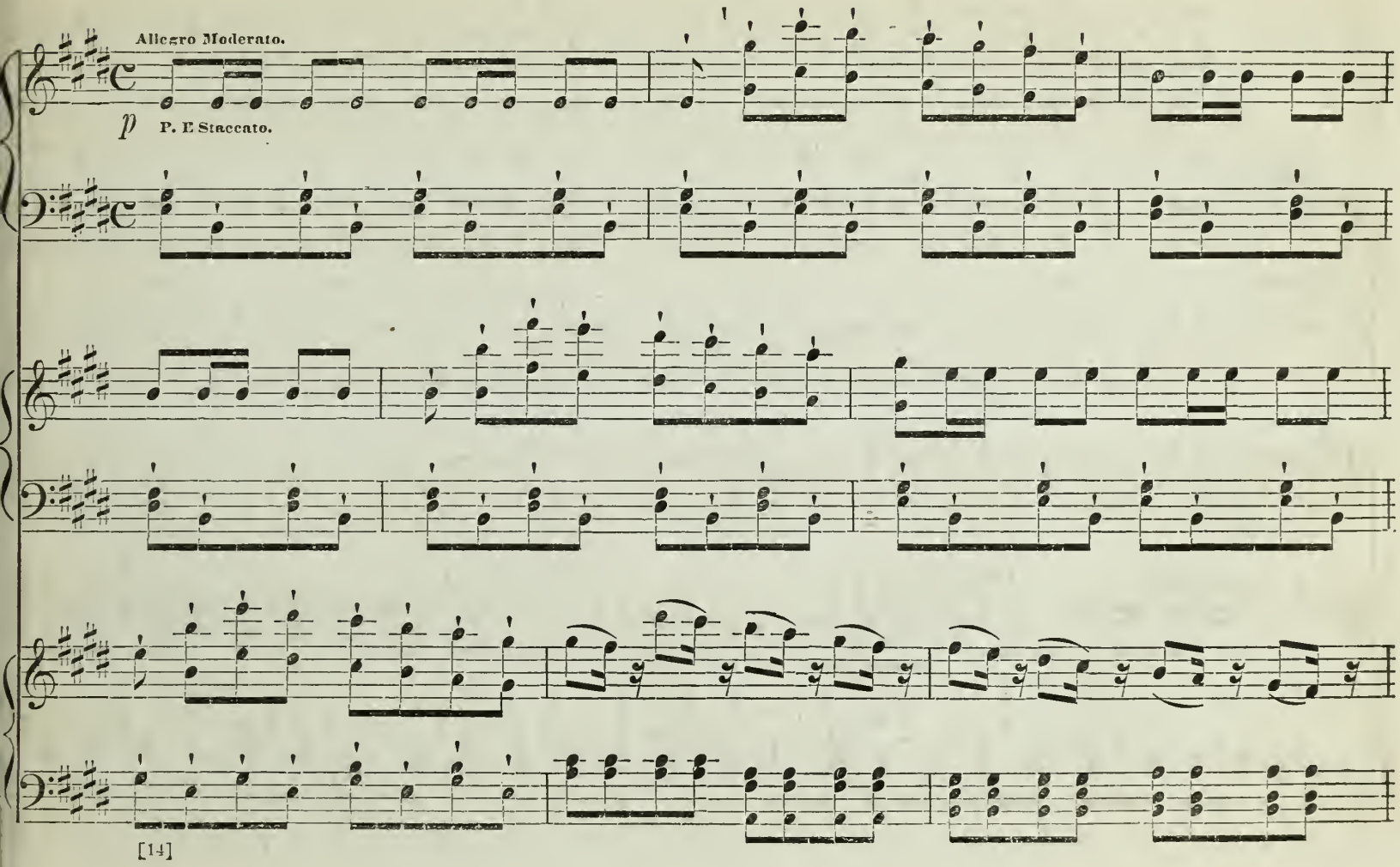
cross the lake's smooth track, Click clack click clack click clack click clack, Now list a - cross the lake's smooth track, Click clack click clack click clack click clack.

Rall.

cross the lake's smooth track, Click clack click clack click clack click clack, Now list a - cross the lake's smooth track, Click clack click clack click clack click clack.

Chorus and Solo. "Now tramp o'er moss and fell." 105

Poetry by THOMAS MORTON. Music by HENRY R. BISHOP.



"Now tramp o'er moss and fell."

Soprano. *p*

Now tramp, now tramp, tramp o'er moss and fell, tramp, Now tramp, tramp, o'er moss and fell, tramp, Now tramp, tramp, o'er moss and

Alto.

Now tramp, now tramp, tramp o'er moss and fell, tramp, Now tramp, tramp, o'er moss and fell, tramp, Now tramp, tramp, o'er moss and

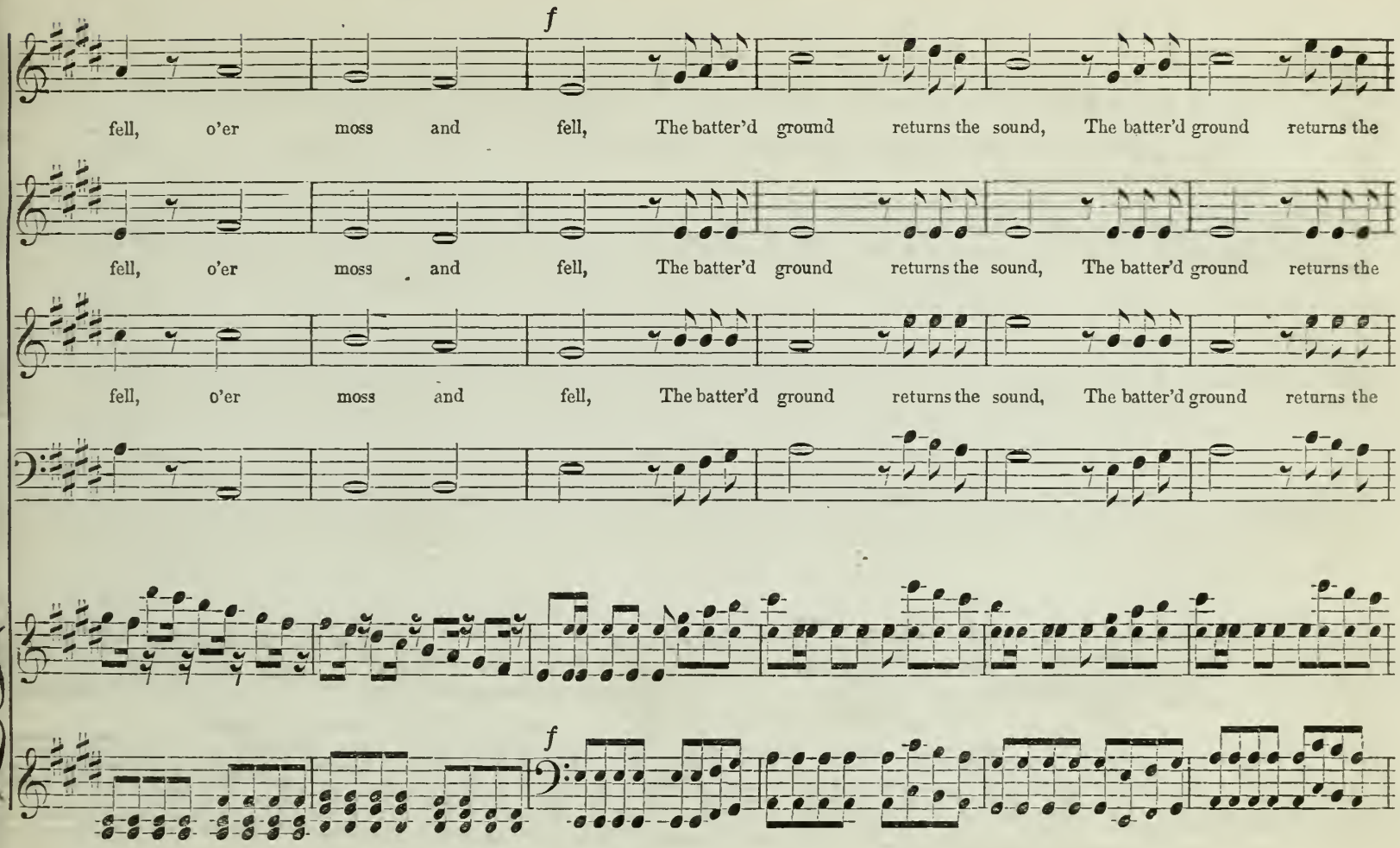
Tenor.

Now tramp, now tramp, tramp o'er moss and fell, tramp, Now tramp, tramp, o'er moss and fell, tramp, Now tramp, tramp o'er moss and

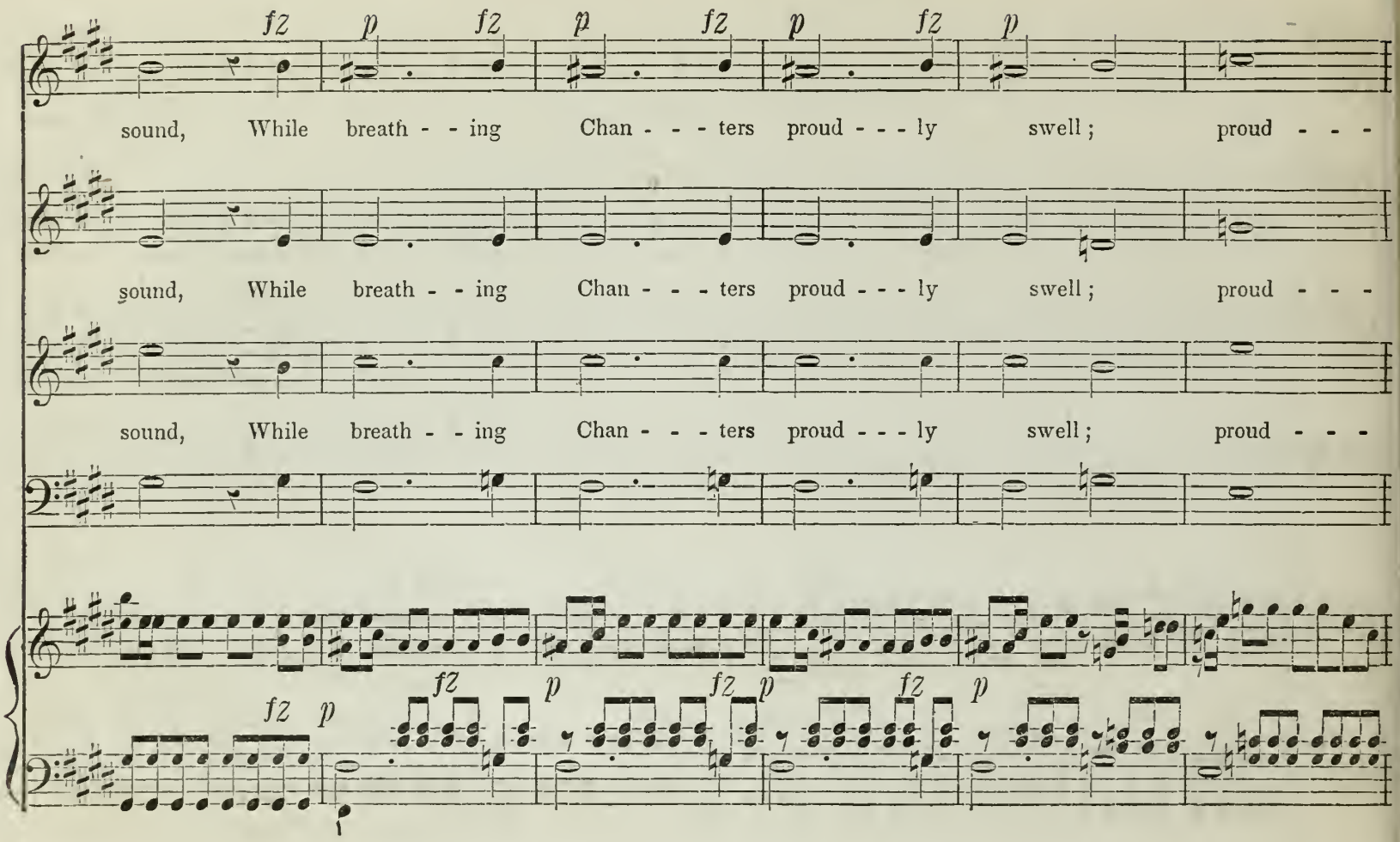
Bass.

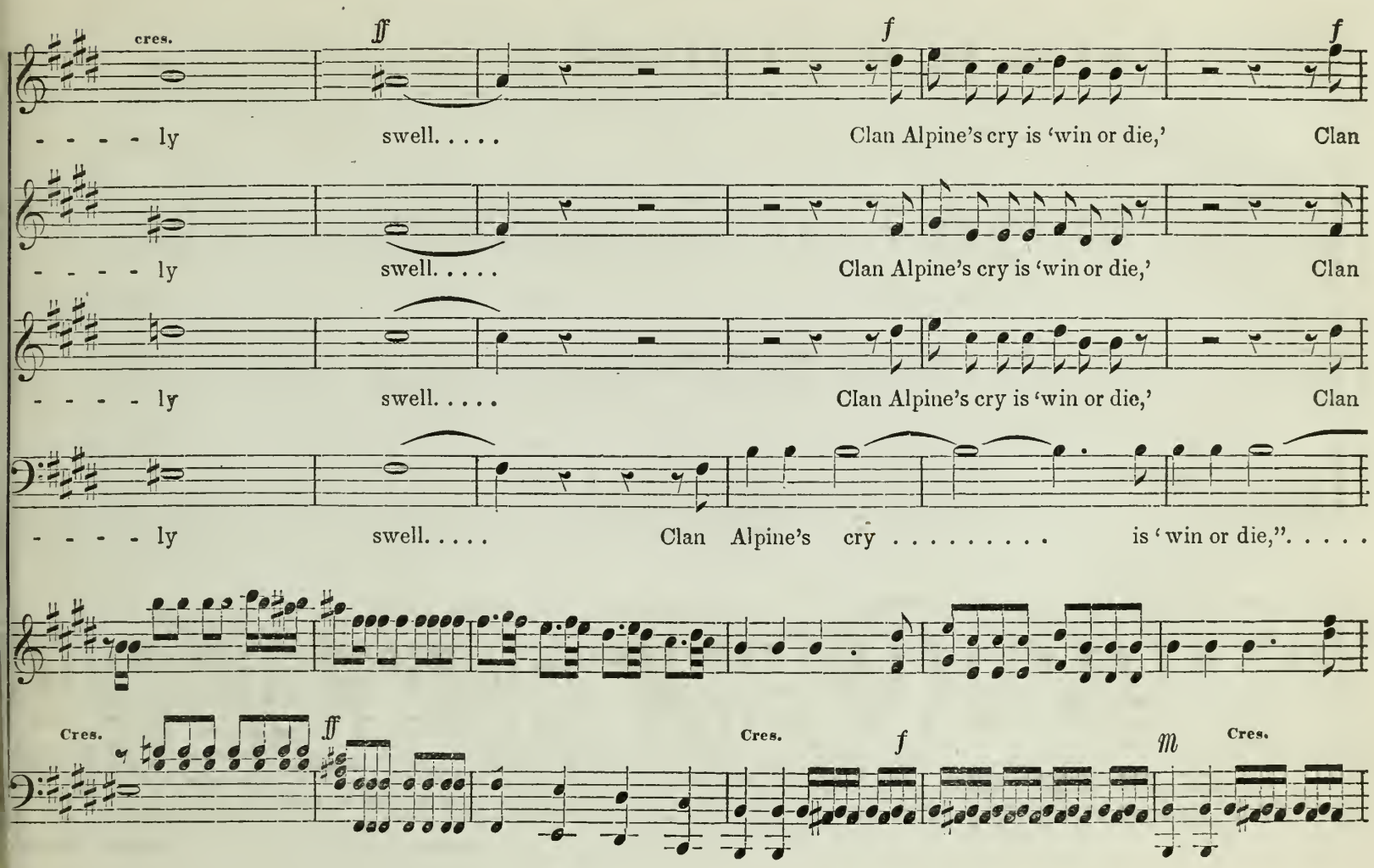
Accompaniment.

p

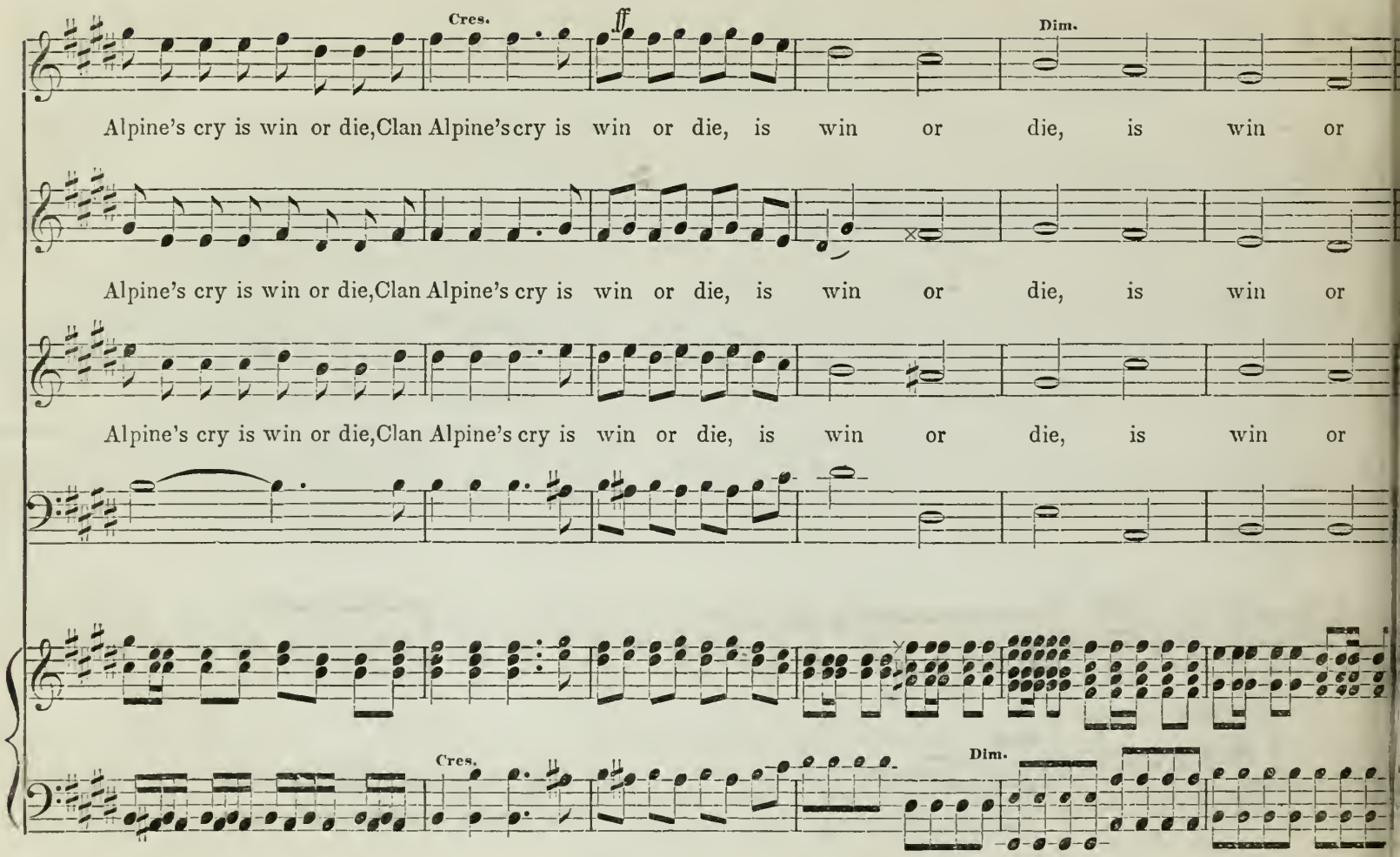

f
fell, o'er moss and fell, The batter'd ground returns the sound, The batter'd ground returns the
fell, o'er moss and fell, The batter'd ground returns the sound, The batter'd ground returns the
fell, o'er moss and fell, The batter'd ground returns the sound, The batter'd ground returns the
f

"Now tramp o'er moss and fell."




cres.
ff
f
f
- - - - ly swell. . . . . Clan Alpine's cry is 'win or die,' Clan
- - - - ly swell. . . . . Clan Alpine's cry is 'win or die,' Clan
- - - - ly swell. . . . . Clan Alpine's cry is 'win or die,' Clan
- - - - ly swell. . . . . Clan Alpine's cry . . . . . is 'win or die,". . . . .
Cres.
ff
Cres.
f
m
Cres.

"Now tramp o'er moss and fell."



Soprano obligato.

pp Cres. Cres. *f*

Guar..... dian

Soprano. Dim.

die, is win or win or die, Now tramp,now tramp,tramp o'er moss and fell,tramp,Now tramp,now tramp,tramp o'er moss and fell, o'er moss and fell;

Alto.

die, is win or win or die, Now tramp,now tramp,tramp o'er moss and fell,tramp,Now tramp,now tramp,tramp o'er moss and fell, o'er moss and fell;

Tenor.

die, is win or win or die, Now tramp,now tramp,tramp o'er moss and fell,tramp,Now tramp,now tramp,tramp o'er moss and fell, o'er moss and fell;

Bass.

pp

Accompaniment.

Dim.

"Now tramp o'er moss and fell."

f *pp*

Spir-its of.... the brave! Vic-to-ry, Vic-to-ry o'er.

Tramp, tramp, The batter'd ground returns the sound; The batter'd ground returns the sound; The batter'd ground returns the sound, While breathin

Tramp, tramp, The batter'd ground returns the sound; The batter'd ground returns the sound; The batter'd ground returns the sound, While breathing

Tramp, tramp, The batter'd ground returns the sound; The batter'd ground returns the sound; The batter'd ground returns the sound, While breathing

f *f* *pp*

Cres. fz Cres.

my he - ro wave o'er my he - - - - ro

Chanters, While breathing Chan - - ters proud - ly swell; Clan Al - pine's cry is 'win or die,' is win or

Chanters, While breathing Chan - - ters proud - ly swell; Clan Al - pine's cry is 'win or die,' is win or

Chanters, While breathing Chan - - ters proud - ly swell; Clan Al - pine's cry is 'win or die,' is win or

rf rf rf rf

Cres. fz

"Now tramp o'er moss and fell."

wave, ... o'er my he - ro wave, Guard - - ian Spir - its, Guard - - - ian Spir - its

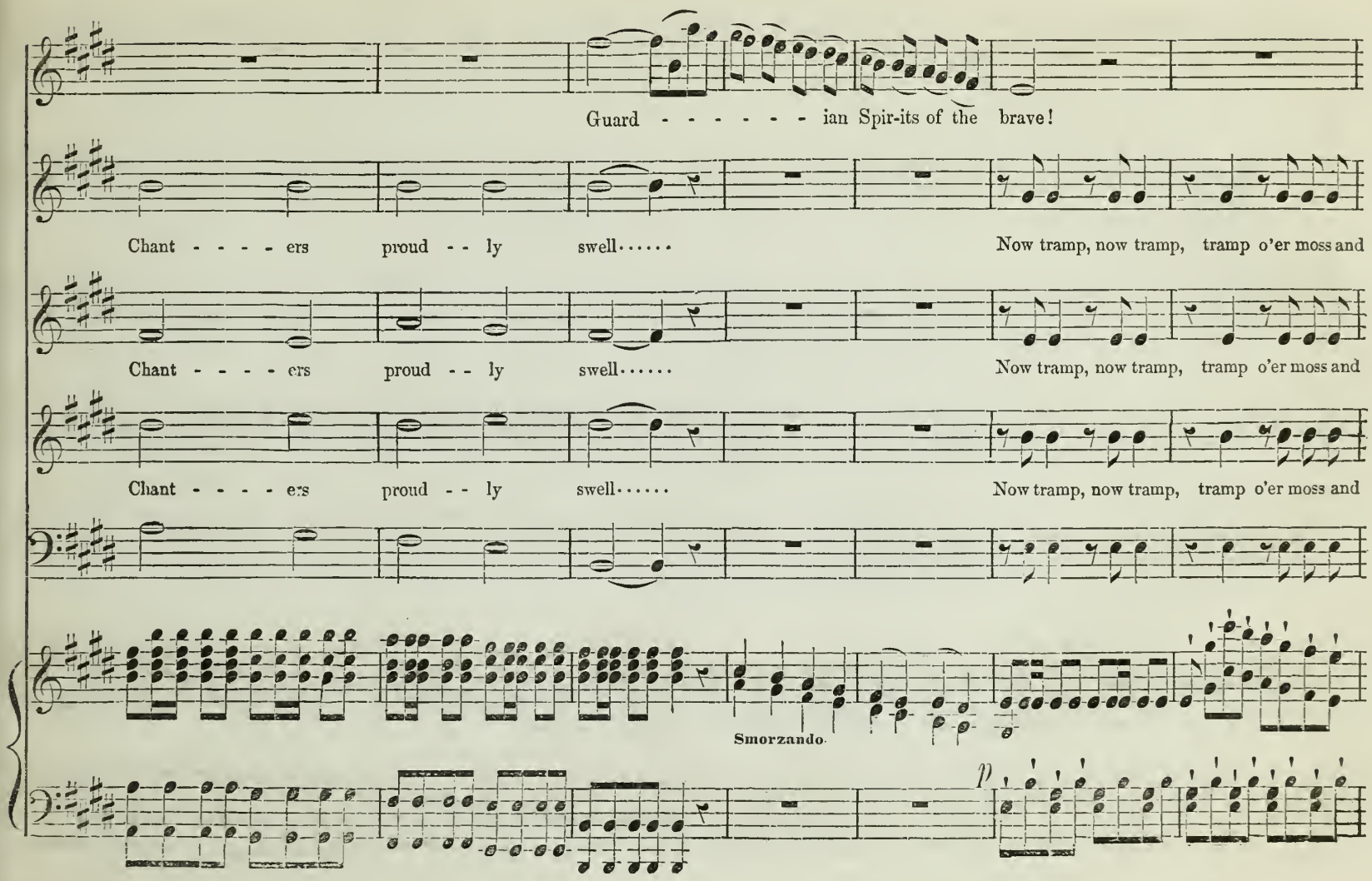
die, is win or die; Now tramp, now tramp o'er moss and fell, The batter'd ground re - turns the sound, While breath - - - - ing

die, is win or die; Now tramp, now tramp o'er moss and fell, The batter'd ground re - turns the sound, While breath - - - ing

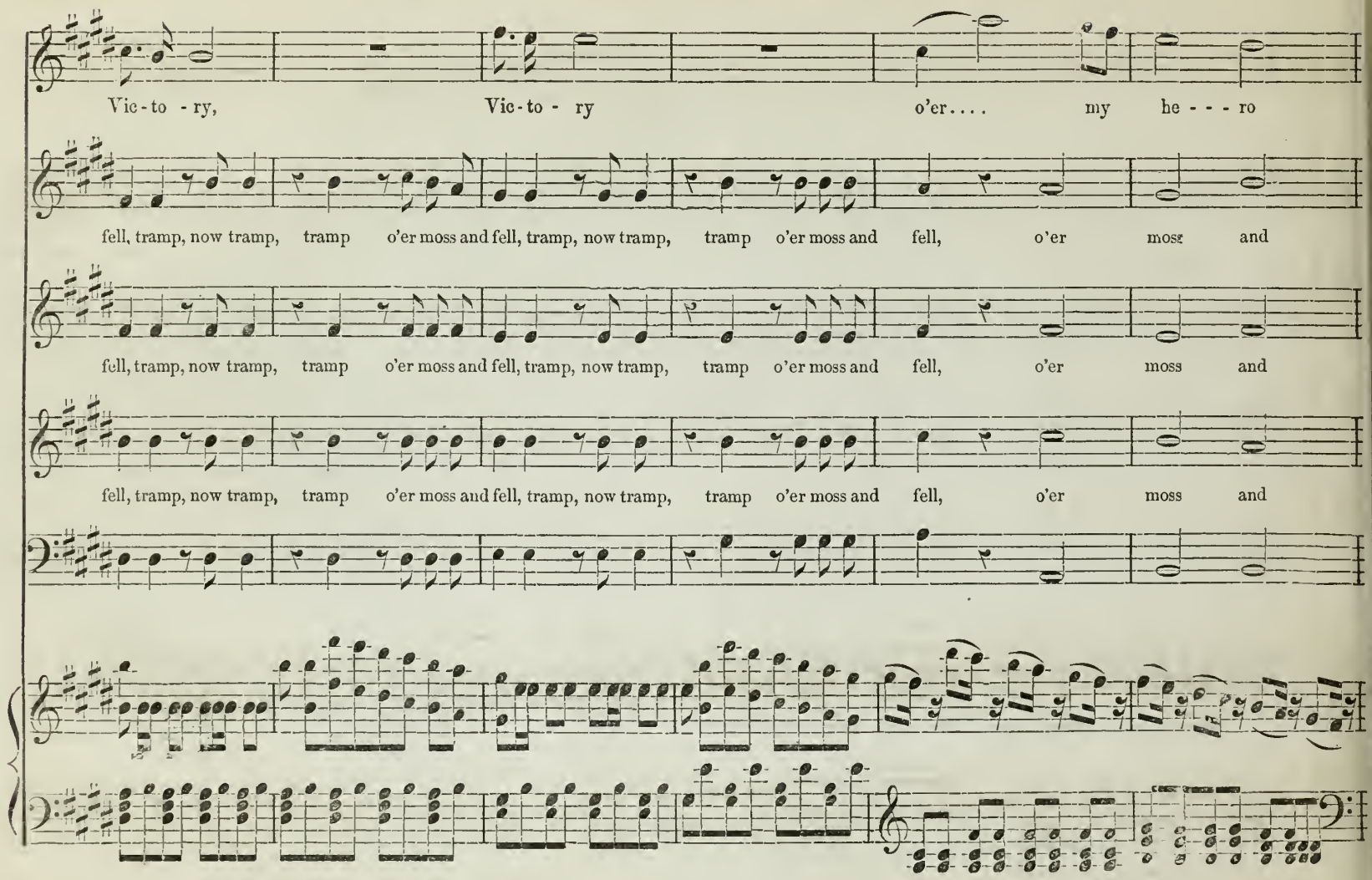
die, is win or die; Now tramp, now tramp o'er moss and fell, The batter'd ground re - turns the sound, While breath - - - - ing

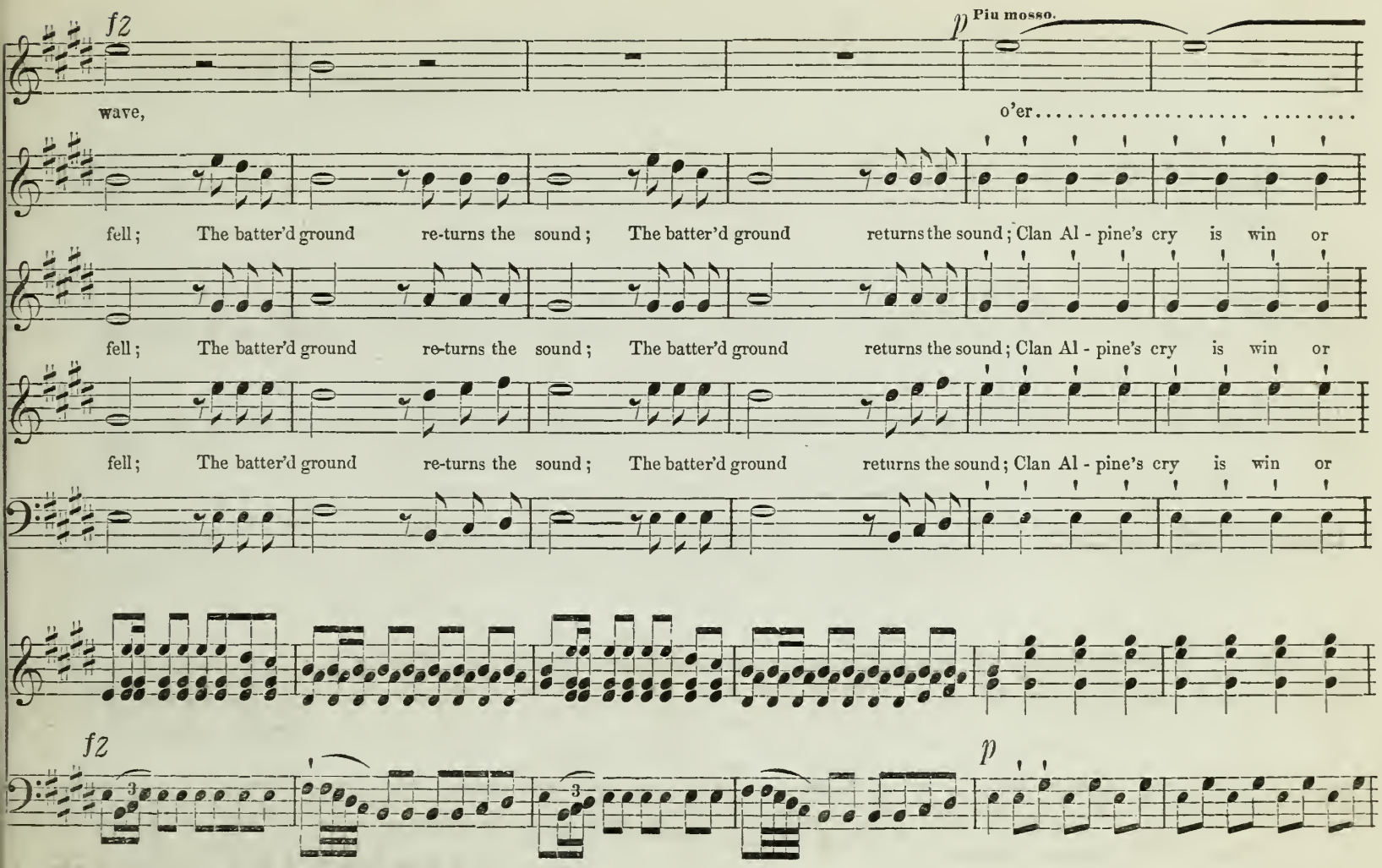
rf *rf* *rf* *rf*

fz


Guard - - - - - - ian Spir-its of the brave!
Chant - - - - ers proud - - ly swell·····
Now tramp, now tramp, tramp o'er moss and
Chant - - - - ers proud - - ly swell·····
Now tramp, now tramp, tramp o'er moss and
Chant - - - - ers proud - - ly swell·····
Now tramp, now tramp, tramp o'er moss and
Smorzando.
p

"Now tramp o'er moss and fell."




f2
p Piu mosso.
wave,
o'er
fell; The batter'd ground re-turns the sound; The batter'd ground returns the sound; Clan Al - pine's cry is win or
fell; The batter'd ground re-turns the sound; The batter'd ground returns the sound; Clan Al - pine's cry is win or
fell; The batter'd ground re-turns the sound; The batter'd ground returns the sound; Clan Al - pine's cry is win or
f2
p

"Now tramp o'er moss and fell."

fz Cres.

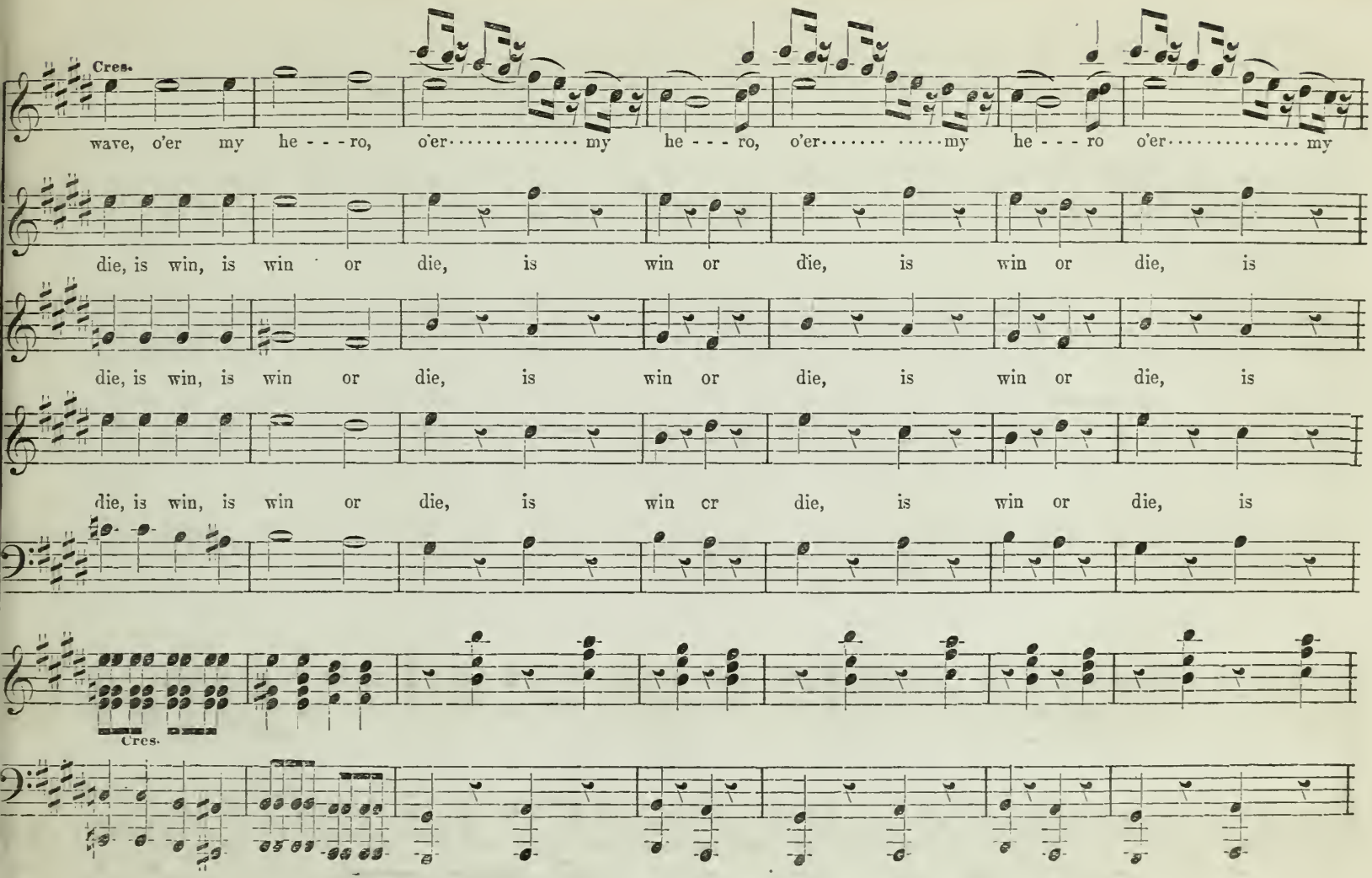
o'er..... my he-ro wave, o'er my he - - - ro

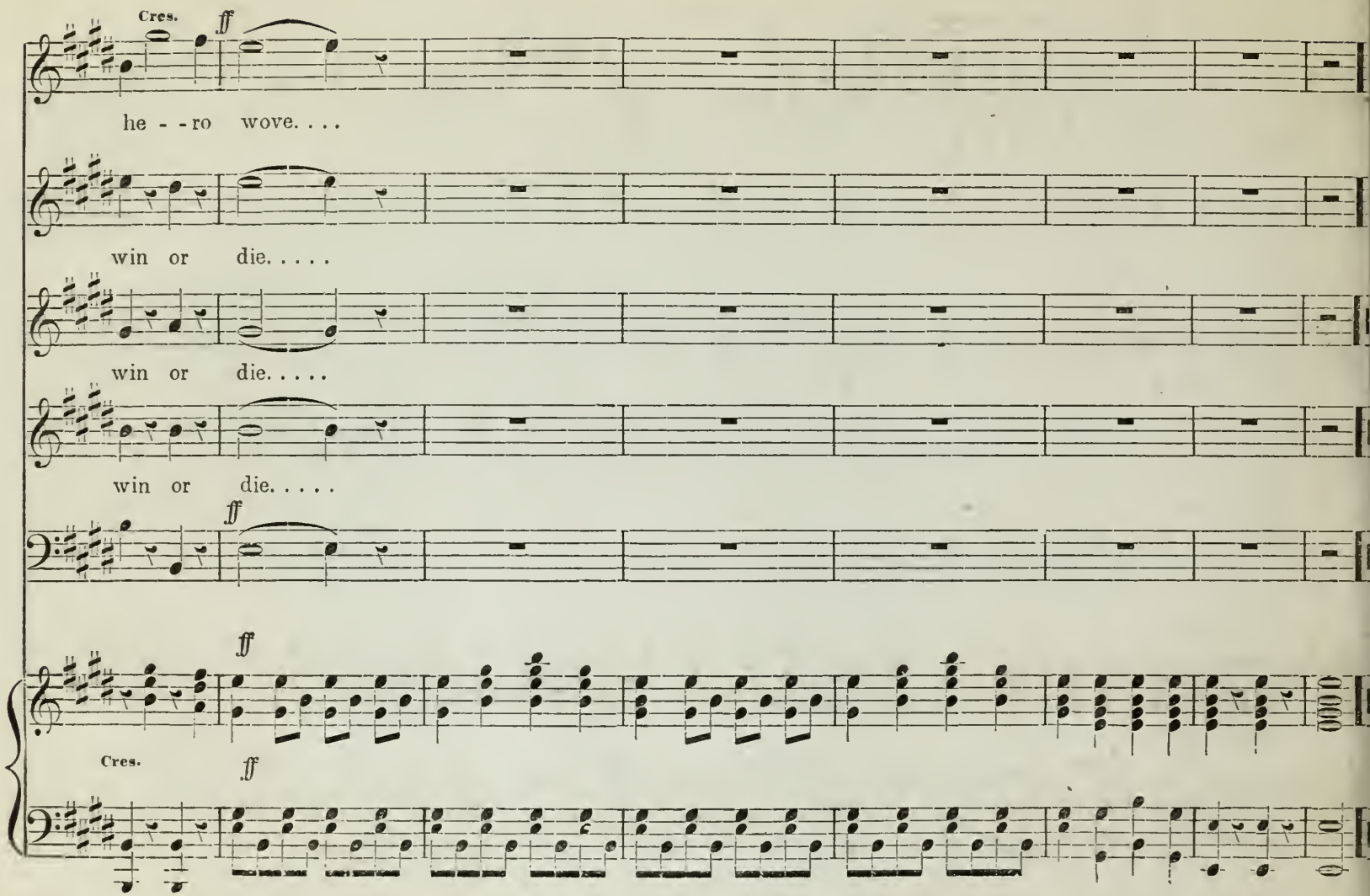
die, Clan Al-pine's cry is win or die, Clan Alpine's cry, Clan Alpine's cry is win or die, is win, is win or

die, Clan Al-pine's cry is win or die, Clan Alpine's cry, Clan Alpine's cry is win or die, is win, is win or

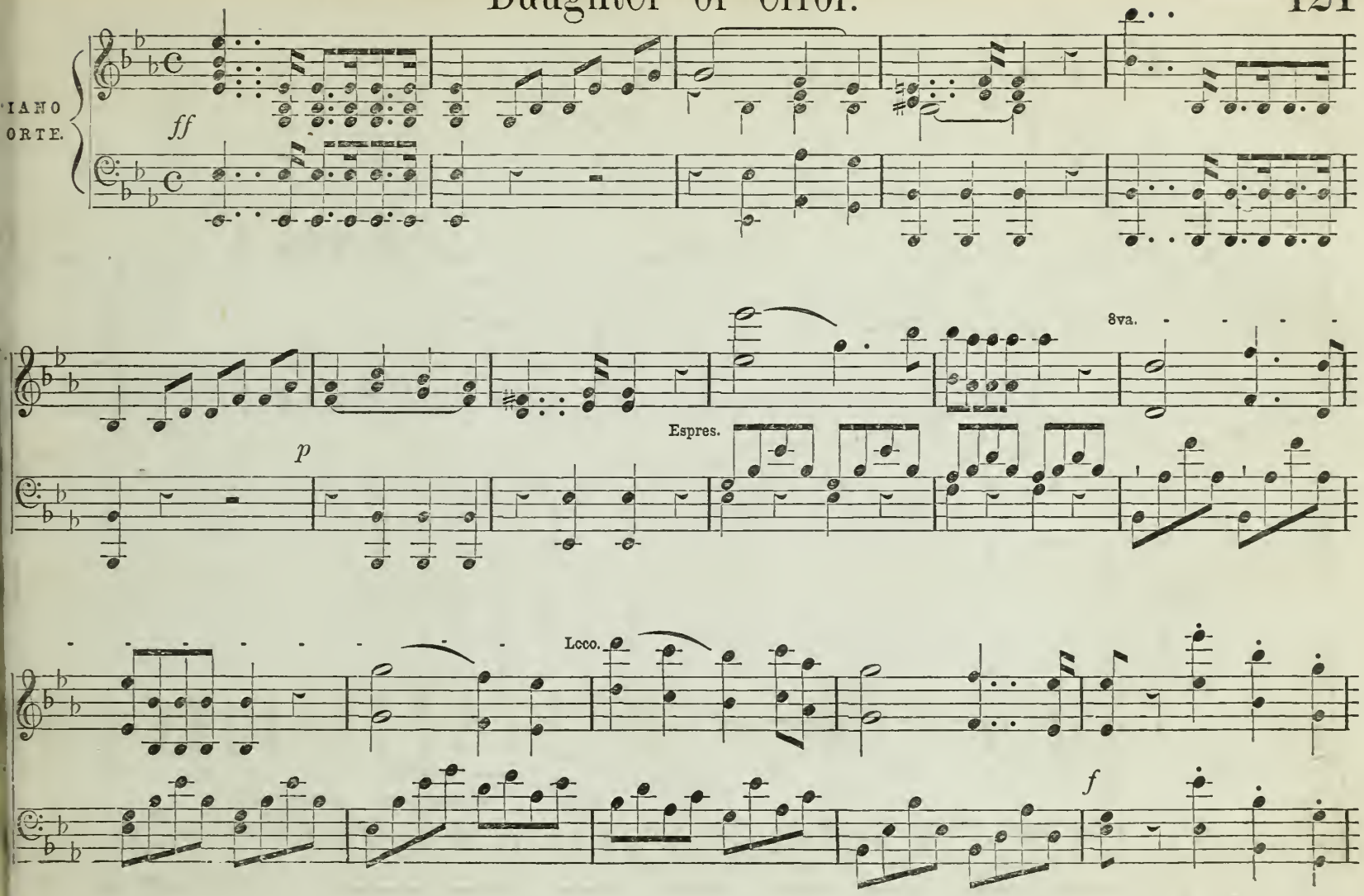
die, Clan Al-pine's cry is win or die, Clan Alpine's cry, Clan Alpine's cry is win or die, is win, is win or

Cres. fz Cres.


Cres.
wave, o'er my he - - - ro, o'er..... my he - - - ro, o'er..... .....my he - - - ro o'er..... my
die, is win, is win or die, is win or die, is win or die, is
die, is win, is win or die, is win or die, is win or die, is
die, is win, is win or die, is win cr die, is win or die, is
Cres.


Cres.
ff
he - - ro wove. . . .
win or die. . . . .
win or die. . . . .
win or die. . . . .
ff
ff
Cres.
ff

"Daughter of error."



ff

Daugh - ter of er - ror! daugh - ter of er - ror! hear, hear,

8 va.

pp

trem - ble and o - bey: Oh! may the penitential tear, Oh! may the

Loco.

8 va.

p

penitential tear fall till thy guilt be passed a - way!

Loco.

SOLO. SOPRANO.

Hour of death and hour of ter - ror, firm thy com - ing

"Daughter of error."

I . . . a - wait, Firm thy com - ing I a - wait, . . . Firm, firm thy

com-ing I a-wait, Firm . . . thy com-ing I a-wait, Firm thy com - ing I a - wait.

SOLO. Allegro Moderato.

And, see! a cher-ub seems to smile; And, hark! his heaven-ly note I hear, As if it

TREBLE. *pp*

We call thee, hap - less child of er - ror!

ALTO.

We call thee, hap - less child of er - ror!

TENORE.

We call thee, hap - less child of er - ror!

BASSO.

We call thee, hap - less child of er - ror!

f *p*

"Daughter of error."

said, "Yet, yet a - while En-dure the storm, 't will quick-ly clear;" And, see! a cher-ub seems

pp

Think how near thy cer - tain fate; We

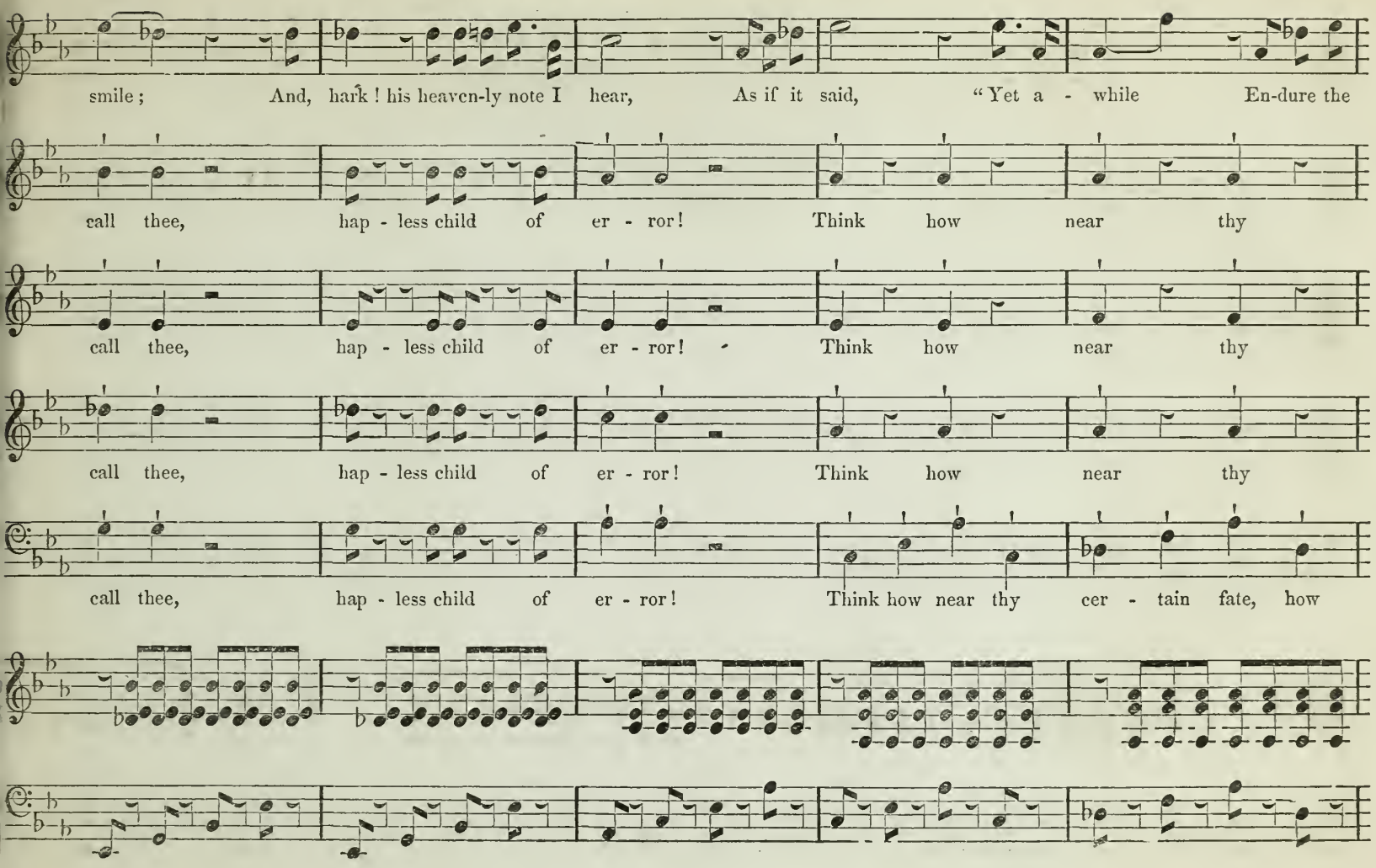
Think how near thy cer - tain fate; We

Think how near thy cer - tain fate; We

Think how near thy cer - tain fate, how near thy cer - tain fate; We

pp

mf


smile; And, hark! his heaven-ly note I hear, As if it said, "Yet a - while En-dure the
call thee, hap - less child of er - ror! Think how near thy
call thee, hap - less child of er - ror! Think how near thy
call thee, hap - less child of er - ror! Think how near thy
call thee, hap - less child of er - ror! Think how near thy cer - tain fate, how

"Daughter of error."

storm, . . . 't will quick-ly clear;" "Yet a - while En-dure the storm, . . 't will quick-ly, quick - ly

cres. *f*

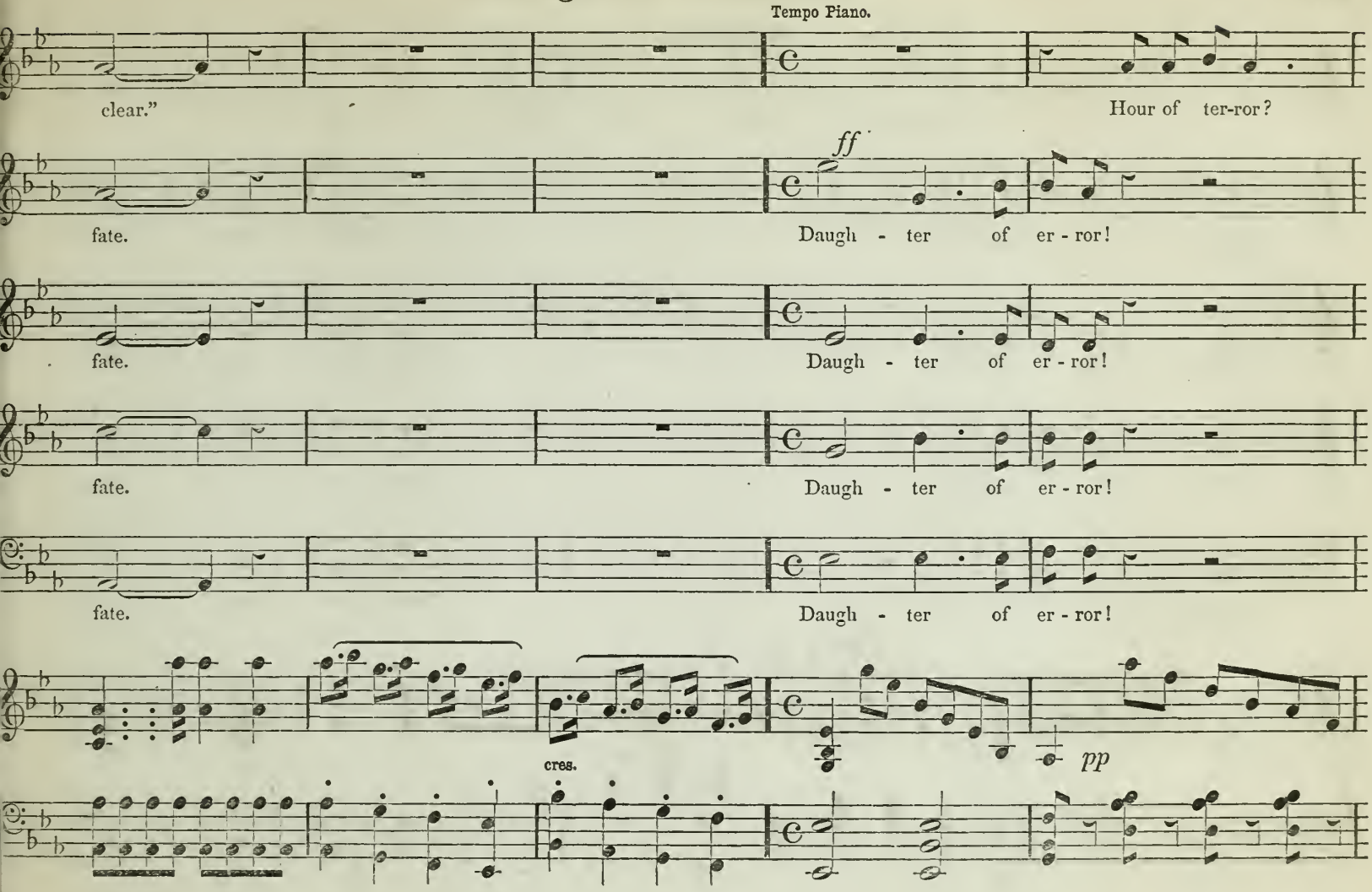
cer - tain fate, how near, how near thy cer - tain

cer - tain fate, how near, how near thy cer - tain

cer - tain fate, how near, how near thy cer - tain

near thy cer - tain fate, how near thy cer - tain fate thy cer - tain

cres.


Tempo Piano.
clear."
Hour of ter-ror?
ff
fate.
Daugh - ter of er - ror!
fate.
Daugh - ter of er - ror!
fate.
Daugh - ter of er - ror!
fate.
Daugh - ter of er - ror!
cres.
pp

"Daughter of error."

Sosten.

hour of ter-ror! Firm thy com - - ing I . . a -

Daugh - ter of er-ror! Think how near thy

Daugh - ter of er-ror! Think how near thy

Daugh - ter of er-ror! Think how near thy

Daugh - ter of er-ror! Think how near thy

ff

wait, . . . thy com-ing I a - wait, . . thy com-ing I a - wait, ... thy

fate, thy cer - tain fate, thy cer - tain fate, thy

fate, thy cer - tain fate, thy cer - tain fate, thy

fate, thy cer - tain fate, thy cer - tain fate, thy

fate, thy cer - tain fate, thy cer - tain fate, thy

"Daughter of error."

Morendo

com-ing I . . a - wait. . . . .

cer - - - - - - - - tain fate. . . . .

cer - - - - - - - - tain fate. . . . .

cer - - - - - - - - tain fate. . . . .

cer - - - - - - - tain fate. . . . .

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